The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The vexed question of whether or not it is proper for a novelist to model his characters on living persons was not raised in our recently concluded symposium on "How Novelists Draw Their Characters," but several confessed that they occasionally did so. Why it should be wrong for a novelist to sketch a character from real life in words, but right for a caricaturist to do that in his more graphic medium, is one of those things it is not easy to understand. Mr. J. S. Fletcher, whose replies to our questions arrived after our last Number had gone to press and are printed below, is evidently of those who believe that even the artist in words is entitled to follow the method that brings him to the best results.

Mr. J. S. Fletcher:

(1) All the *best* characters in my novels have been drawn from real life.

(2) Such characters seem far more real to me than purely imaginary characters, *but* there is always, of course, a certain amount of imaginative work done in presenting them—heightening their characteristics, for instance.

(3) I have two eminently favourite characters—Daniel Quayne in the novel of that title, and Jeckie Farnish in "The Root of All Evil."

J. S. Fletcher.

There has been a good deal of talk in the press these last few weeks about the low morality advocated by latter-day novels, and, tacitly or avowedly, this talk has found its text in Mr. Brimley Johnson's "Moral Poison in Modern Fiction" (2s. 6d.; Philpot). He lays his finger on a real evil and formulates a very strong indictment against certain contemporary novelists. He has brought together, as he claims, the evidences of the disease, examined and clearly stated "what the new morality really means and leads to." There is nothing in life that is not fit material for the artist, but all artists are not fit to handle it. Fools too often rush in where a Hardy need not fear to tread. Mr. Johnson is right in his protest that the novel of "gay" life which shows that life as satisfying and more than temporarily gay is untrue to fact and dangerously misleading. But I am not sure that he is right in saying that "an immense number of novels now being written contain much deadly

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Mr. Beverley Nichols.

poison." He names less than a score of writers who are producing novels of that type; you cannot raise the total to a score by adding four or five he has omitted to mention. And if we put the number of novelists now busy in this country at a thousand we shall not be over the mark. Moreover, none of the novels he names has had such a large sale that it would find a place in any list of those that have sold best. The sort of novel he justly denounces has always been with us. A generation or so ago it was sold furtively and not in the usual bookshops. It is a sign of our improving national health that it is now allowed to be sold openly and find its level. Sometimes it has a noisy and sensational life, but it never has a long one. It would be easy to name several novelists who wrote stories of that illicit kind ten and twenty years ago, and they are still living, but their books are very dead and hardly anybody even remembers them. Such books may do a little harm for a little while, but on the whole the public has sense enough to be able to take care of itself. Mr. Brimley Johnson quotes Hugh Walpole as saying, "People don't want to know what a young ass thinks about life if he can't tell a story"; and they don't particularly want to know even if he can. For what a young ass thinks about life does not amount to much; he has made a few elementary discoveries in human folly, and is so excited by his cleverness in doing so that he can't help writing about them, and unless he outgrows that stage and realises that most of those he writes for had made the same discoveries, and more, long before he did, he soon bores and loses his readers by persistently telling them raw truths of which their knowledge is at least as great as his own. When a man is always talking of his wealth you may be sure he does not possess more than he can count; by the time he has enough to boast of he prefers to talk of something else. Novels that contain moral dope are foredoomed to die of their own poison, but Mr. Johnson will have done an immense service to the community if he succeeds in killing a few prematurely.

Photo by Hana. **Mr. Holbrook Jackson.**

This same conflict between art and morality was in progress through the closing years of last century, and though the group of rebellious miscellaneous writers and artists who took part in it used the fine battle-cry of "Art for Art's sake," apart from Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley, not many of them have justified their self-assertion by achieving enough artistic immortality to be still very noticeable. Nearly all the great authors and artists of the period went their way outside that group, and are still going it. But it was an interesting time, and an interesting group, and its history has been fully and admirably told by Mr. Holbrook Jackson in "The Eighteen Nineties," of which Mr. Grant Richards has just published a new edition—a new edition that was overdue, for the book has been out of print for some time, and copies have been changing hands for as much as three guineas. The new edition has been thoroughly revised and contains, as an additional illustration, a clever caricature of the work of Aubrey Beardsley, entitled "Britannia à la Beardsley," by Mr. E. T. Reed. Mr. Holbrook Jackson has also in preparation a new volume of essays which Mr. Grant Richards will publish in the early autumn.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Edward Garnett,**

whose essays on books and authors, "Friday Nights," Mr. Jonathan Cape has just published.

Mr. Beverley Nichols, whose third novel, "Self," we review in this Number, is probably one of the very youngest of English novelists, for though he has three books to his credit, he is still only twenty-three. He was educated at Marlborough, and at Balliol College, Oxford. His early inclinations were more musical than literary; at school, at the age of fourteen, he won the prize for the best musical composition, and has since devoted much of his spare time to an opera, which is now nearing completion. At Oxford Mr. Nichols was prominent

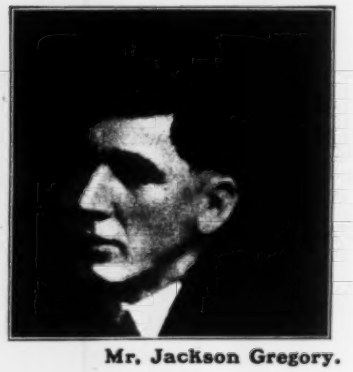
in the University's literary, artistic and political circles. He edited the *Isis*, and in addition launched *The Oxford Outlook*, a serious fortnightly journal, which has been described as of portentous respectability, and I believe it is still running. Not content with these activities, he joined others in founding the University Liberal Club. But the Union was perhaps the sphere in which his energies found fullest scope, and of this society he was in rapid succession secretary, librarian and, finally, president. During his period at Oxford he published his first novel, "Prelude," which the *Morning Post* critic described as "the best of all latter-day school stories." Leaving Oxford in December, 1920, he gave the next eight months, in the intervals of study for the Bar, to writing "Patchwork" (a study of Oxford under post-war conditions, which was published last October) and "Self," in which he breaks new ground and essays a portrait of a sort of modern Becky Sharp. Mr. Nichols is presently returning from Greece, where he has been writing a sensational novel round recent events in that country, and the book is to be published in the autumn under the title of "The Athenians."

Mr. Lytton Strachey,
In his home at Hampstead.
From the painting by Henry Lamb on exhibition last month at the Alpine Gallery.

One of the most interesting of recent exhibitions in London was that of Mr. Henry Lamb's paintings and drawings, last month, at the Alpine Gallery, and probably no portrait in the collection attracted more attention than did that of Mr. Lytton Strachey, which we are permitted by Messrs. Charles Chenil & Co., of the Chenil Gallery, to reproduce. Mr. Lamb is the son of Dr. Horace Lamb, the distinguished mathematician. He is a pianist and composer and a Doctor of Medicine, as well as a painter, and served in the R.A.M.C. during the war, certain pictures, in his exhibition, of scenes in Palestine, Macedonia and elsewhere, being records of his war-time experiences.

Mr. A. Clutton-Brock, whose study of "Hamlet" we review elsewhere, is an essayist who thinks for himself, and has worked out his own philosophy of life. He holds that the world is suffering not so much from suppressed sex, as the Freudians say ("I see little sign of suppression in that," he assures me), but from suppressed religion, and he confesses that his main interest and aim is to discover what religious people now really believe and to state it so that they may admit that they believe it. He did not take to writing professionally till he was about thirty-six, and in the eighteen years since then he has done work of high distinction as a critic of art and letters and writer of many books. He tells me he has given time to writing verse and stories which have not seemed to him worth publishing, and he has for some while been engaged on a book on the Nature of Art which he does not expect ever to finish.

Sir Gregory Foster says he has been told that the average intelligent person knows nothing about the University of London, and that even a taxi-driver does not know where to find it. The colleges of the University are scattered about London, but the site of its central offices is in Bloomsbury, and to lighten the general darkness on these matters the University of London Press has issued as a booklet (1s. 6d.) two lectures delivered in February by Sir Gregory Foster on "The University of London: Its History, Present Resources and Future Possibilities," and supplemented these with the address delivered after the second lecture by the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher. It is a most interesting



Mr. Jackson Gregory.

account of what the University has done, is doing, and hopes to do.

As a teacher of children Miss Enid Blyton has learned that two types of verse appeal to them—the humorous and the imaginatively poetical. In her "Child Whispers" (2s. 6d.; Saville & Co.) these two types are very deftly blended—the verses are of fairies, and flowers, and gardens, and little everyday nursery events, and are by turns delightfully fanciful and quaintly humorous. They are light, lilting, happy tales told with a charming simplicity of thought and language that should give them an irresistible appeal to all young readers who have a liking for the magic of metre and rhyme.

The vogue of the open air novel continues without any sign of abatement, and Mr. Jackson Gregory's "The Everlasting Whisper" is proving one of the most widely successful stories in that kind on both sides of the Atlantic. It marks an advance in quality as well as in popularity over anything else he has written, and critics in America are describing it as "the greatest of all Californian novels." He is planning a book to be called "The Californian," in which he will depict a character embodying the "largeness of romance" springing from "the ampleness of life" of the California and Nevada country. "I feel," he says, "that I have come the closest so far to this typical figure in the man Mark King, of 'The Everlasting Whisper.' I have tried to show in this book the real Western man, free from superficial and neurotic encumbrance, the man with strength that springs from the soil. I have found myself wondering towards the close of the book if Mark King were really my favourite and whether I hadn't grown to pin a good deal of faith, and all that, on Gloria. At any rate it lies between the two."

Photo by Hugh Cecil.

Mrs. E. M. Hull.

It is not often that a successful novelist is so modest or so pessimistic about herself and her work as I found the Hon. Mrs. Dowdall. She began by assuring me that her career has been utterly uninteresting, yet no career could have started more pleasantly or promisingly. "I began 'The Book of Martha' in 1912," she said, "written for Dr. Johnson's reasons—I was too tired to scrub and dig." She sent six chapters to an agent and meant to write no more if he found them no good; but he disposed of them to *The Woman at Home*, and then Mr. Duckworth commissioned the book, so she finished it and it was published with immediate success. Her next book was "Joking Apart," "and," she remarks, "I was allowed to illustrate it, as I can't draw, and like doing that best." But those who know those illustrations know better. Then came "The Kaleidoscope," written on commission "in intervals of housework and all domestic horrors. I was so tired I used to full asleep in the middle of a paragraph," but nobody who read the book would have guessed that. "Susie" and "Three Loving Ladies" were well received by the reviewers, the latter book being first published in America, where it enjoyed considerable popularity. Her new novel, "The Tactless Man," was written, says Mrs. Dowdall, "to please myself, and is not a pot-boiler, so I anticipate it will bore everybody stiff, and if so it will be the last, unless necessity drives me to it again. The critics I mind about tell me it is much better than my others, but that does not sell a book, and as I have to work at four a.m. to do it all (that is the only free time I have) I shall write no more if they won't have it." But if the gods are good she has in mind another to be called "The Philanthropist." Mrs. Dowdall has found, as so many find, that if you get a reputation as a humorous writer it is hard to induce critics and the public to take your serious work seriously. She is thinking also of collecting a number of her newspaper and magazine articles, and as the illustrations given to them in the periodicals which have published them

The Hon. Mrs. Dowdall.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mrs. Pamela Munro.**

"would make angels weep," she has an idea of illustrating that book herself.

One of the most popular of present-day novelists is Mrs. E. M. Hull, who is seldom to be met with in literary circles, for she spends a good deal of her time in travelling and, when at home, prefers a country life in Derbyshire, and is keen on all manner of games and sports. She wrote her first novel, "The Sheik," with no idea of publishing it, but as a means of personal distraction during the war, when she had to be very much alone. When it was finished she decided to let it try its fortune with a publisher, and its prompt and unexpected success encouraged her to write a second book, "The Shadow of the East," which was also published by Messrs. Eveleigh Nash, and proved as widely successful as the first. Mrs. Hull has almost completed a new novel, whose scene, like that of her others, is laid in Algeria. It is to be called "The Desert Healer."

Mrs. Eyre Macklin (head of the firm of Messrs. Philpot & Co.) has not taken long to show that woman (one of her anyhow) can publish books as ably as she can write them. In the short time since she established herself in Great Russell Street she has published, among other successful works, the Duke de Stacpoole's Memoirs, Mrs. Watts-Dunton's "Home Life of Swinburne," some half-dozen volumes in an admirable series of translated stories, "Les Fleurs de France," and the first three in a series of "Blue Booklets," dealing with subjects of the day, the third of which, "Moral Poison in Modern Fiction," I have spoken of elsewhere in these notes. But Mrs. Macklin need no longer feel a lone woman in the publishing world, for another has arrived.

The late Mr. Elkin Mathews's publishing business has been acquired by a private company, of which Mrs. Pamela Monro and Mr. A. W. Evans are two of the directors. Mrs. Monro has made a special study of eighteenth century literature, and some interesting books dealing with that period may be expected among the early publications of the firm. Mr. Evans was for ten years associate editor of *The Nation* with Mr. H. W. Massingham, and afterwards edited *Everyman* and the *Review of Reviews*. His pseudonym of "Penguin" is familiar to readers of *The Observer*. Following in the footsteps of Mr. Elkin Mathews, the new firm intends to give special attention to first books that hold out promise of achievement in poetry and belles-lettres, and the house in Cork Street continues to be the literary rendezvous that it has been in the past.

Mrs. Eyre Macklin.

Mr. Wallace Irwin, the distinguished American author, is over on a visit to Europe. After spending some weeks in London, he has gone for a tour through France and Belgium, but will be back here later in the summer. Mr. Irwin's humorous series of "Letters from a Japanese Schoolboy" has been running in various American papers for the last fourteen years, and has rivalled Mr. Dooley in popularity. His best known novel is probably "Seed of the Sun," which was recently published in this country by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

The enterprising manager of the Huddersfield Theatre Royal, Mr. Alfred Wareing, has been producing eight Shakespearean plays in the three weeks ending July 1st, by way of making a Shakespeare Festival, and publishes a special newspaper, *The (shake) Spear*, limited to one issue, in commemoration of the event. It contains some capital burlesque articles and answers to correspondents, all more or less relating to Shakespeare or his plays, and articles of a more serious kind "On Shakespeare," by John Masefield; on "The National Importance of Shakespeare," by George Sampson; "A Glimpse," a delightfully fantastic sketch by C. E. Lawrence; "Every

Mr. Wallace Irwin.

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Man his own Hamlet," by Owen Nares; "Shakespeare's Gifts to our Daily Speech," by Sir Sidney Lee, and many another. A thoroughly entertaining budget, to say nothing of the announcement of a Shakespeare Knowledge Competition open to all scholars until September 1st, propounding for answer twenty-seven questions based on the plays Mr. Wareing has been producing.

THE BOOKMAN.

Mr. G. S. Layard.
From a caricature by John Dodgson.

The Norwich Public Library, which makes a practice of observing notable literary events, will celebrate the centenary of the death of Shelley. On July 8th Mr. M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A., Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, will deliver at the Library a lecture on the poet, and in the Reference Library there will be a Shelley exhibition consisting of engraved portraits, and copies of the first editions of Shelley's works, kindly lent by Mr. F. J. Sebley of Cambridge. With the view of stimulating the study of Shelley's life and works, the July "Readers' Guide" (post free 3d.), issued by the Library, contains an annotated reading list on Shelley.

In commemoration of the centenary of Shelley's death Messrs. Watts & Co. have reissued at a shilling their selection from Shelley's prose works in neat pocket form, with a foreword by Mr. Henry S. Salt.

A compact and well informed handbook for visitors is Mr. Frank Rutter's "Guide to Cambridge" (1s.), illustrated with over fifty excellent photographs and published by Messrs. W. Heffer.

The two first volumes issued in the Mickleham Edition of Meredith's Works (5s. each; Constable) are "The Egoist" and "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," two of the most brilliant of his books and two that are first favourites with all sorts of readers. Tastefully bound and well printed on good paper, this new edition will be very welcome to all Meredith lovers.

"The Great North Road"—the old mail road to Scotland—is the second volume in the new edition of Mr. Charles G. Harper's Histories of the Roads (7s. 6d.; Cecil Palmer). It is neat and handy in size, has been fully revised and brought up to date, and is illustrated with seventy-two drawings by the author and from old-time prints.

The "Selected Poems" of John Drinkwater (3s. 6d.; Sidgwick & Jackson) brings together in a delectable pocket volume the best of the lyrics and sonnets from the six books of verse Mr. Drinkwater has given us between 1914 and last year. It has a very admirable frontispiece portrait drawn by Mr. R. H. Rennington.

A new book of poems, "Even-Song," by Katharine Tynan, will be published shortly by Mr. Basil Blackwell, of Oxford.

Among all the replies received in our "Men Limited" competition there is none that expresses dislike of the novel. The one to which we have awarded a prize for saying why it does not please the writer comes nearest to doing so. The majority have little but praise for it, and as most of the competitors are women this would seem to indicate that those who say women cannot appreciate a novel written by a man are mistaken. The two prizes of Half a Guinea each (for a statement of (1) Why I do and (2) why I do not like "Men Limited") are awarded to Miss Ella Kinninmont, of 11, Mitre Court Chambers, Temple, E.C.4, and Miss N. M. Butterfield, 163, Coventry Road, Ilford, Essex, for the following:

MEN LIMITED. BY PEARSON CHOATE.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Men Limited" is a man's book, but it pleased me because of its sheer impertinence, which counteracted my anger as a good feminist at its contemptuous views on women. Misogynists should revel in it, but will be disappointed in the ultimate capitulation of all its men characters but one.

ELLA KINNINMONT.

This idea is pleasing but too slight for a novel, without other complications than are here introduced. What would have happened if the men had been left entirely

undisturbed? As it stands, the problem is not conclusively worked out, owing to the invasion of the island by the womenfolk.

(MISS) N. M. BUTTERFIELD.

As representative examples, we select for printing the four replies that follow:

"Men Limited" is likeable and entertaining. One does not *read* dull speeches in books nowadays—one merely skims them. We do not want powder in our jam. A book is amusing and interesting. It may be mildly exciting. It serves its turn. "Men Limited" helps to while away a lazy afternoon. One puts it down contented and is ready for the next thing.

(MILES MARCH, 19, Lark Lane, Sefton Park, Liverpool.)

"Men Limited" being a farce need not offend anybody. Women resent being left out of men's adventures altogether. Men can't go far without us. I think it is the mental, not the sex quality that differentiates: there are feminine men and masculine women; our partialities being childish passions, dominating reason.

(ALICE E. OLDACRE, 130, Princes Road, Stoke-on-Trent.)

Miss Viola Banks,
author of "Shadow Show" (John Long), reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

The men who fought came back *knowing* that "a man's job" was the best. They hated the desk and city. Women *chiefly* stand for the city where they can "dress" and attend more social functions than the simple life affords. Mr. Pearson Choate has voiced the men's inclination well.

(P. HOOLE JACKSON, "Rosedene," Windlehurst Road, High Lane, near Stockport.)

The book appeals to me because of its complete originality. It also brings fresh light to bear on some of the post-war problems with which we are faced. There is no lack of humour in the story and the interest is skilfully maintained throughout.

(EDITH VYVYAN OLVER, 36A, Breakspears Road, Brockley, S.E.4.)

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

GEORGE SOMES LAYARD.

MR. GEORGE SOMES LAYARD holds the belief that an author should never confine himself to one particular groove of writing or specialisation, and he practises what he preaches, for he is one of the most versatile of contemporary bookmen. Biography, novels, "queer" short stories, and expert dissertations on prints and book illustrations are all within his literary ambit, and he turns from one category of composition to another with equal ease and never-failing enthusiasm for the work in hand.

Mr. Layard is descended from the Huguenot family of Raymond de Layarde. His great-great-grandfather, Daniel Peter Layard, was physician to Augusta, Princess of Wales, and his great-grandfather became Dean of Bristol. He is a son of the Rev. C. C. Layard (a first cousin of Sir Henry Layard, the explorer), and received his education at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr. Layard is by profession a barrister of the Inner Temple, but he has ever preferred the pursuits of literature and art.

His first publication appeared during his 'Varsity days, in *The Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates' Journal*, his contribution taking the form of a skit on the Proctors. Later he wrote for *The Globe*, but it was not until 1890 that Mr. Layard established his literary reputation by the series of remarkable "Queer Stories," which were published in *Truth* during the next three years. Some of the stories were reprinted in book form in two volumes entitled "His Golf Madness" (1892) and "Society Straws" (1897). It is curious that the rest of these "Queer Stories" have not been discovered by some enterprising publisher for reissue in a book, because they are in the front rank of merit as a peculiar combination of the sensational and bizarre. They can be read again and again with fresh delight in their ingenuity of action and originality of unexpected *dénouement*.

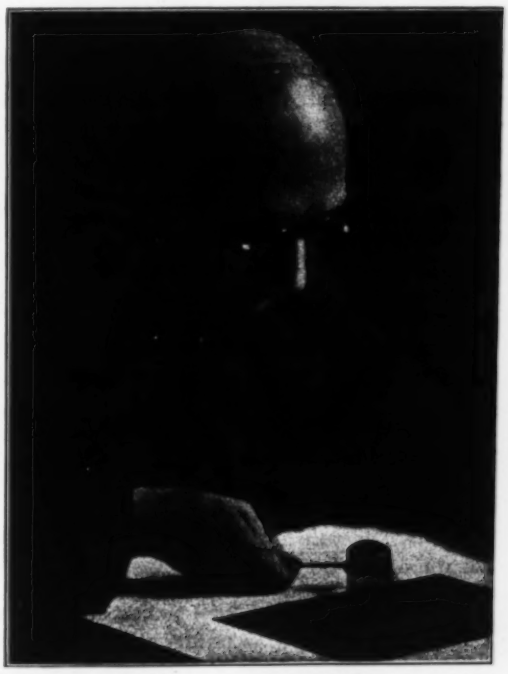


Photo by E. O Hoppé **Mr. G. S. Layard.**

Mr. Layard entered a new field of literature by the publication of his finely-produced monograph on "Charles Keene of *Punch*" (1892). It was followed by "Tennyson and His Pre-Raphaelite Illustrators" (1894); "George Cruikshank's Portraits of

Himself" (1897); "Mrs. Lynn Linton" (1901); "Dolly's Governess" (1904), a novel; "Kate Greenaway," written in collaboration with H. M. Spielmann (1905); "Sir Thomas Lawrence's Letter-Bag" (1906); "A Great *Punch* Editor, Shirley Brooks" (1907); "Suppressed Plates" (1907); "Wax" (1909), a most original novel with the unusual setting of Madame Tussaud's for part of its action; and "Peter Clement Layard," a memoir, with letters, of his son who was killed in the war (1919).

It will be apparent from the list of his books that Mr. Layard makes a perennial study of the work of artists, engravers and book illustrators. He is also a keen and perceptive collector of fine engravings which he loves for their beauty and archæological interest, and not merely as prizes of monetary value. His collection is not secreted in portfolios but hangs upon the walls of his pleasant house in Pelham Place. As he has truly written of prints—or any other beautiful work of art:

"Make friends of them, grow in intimacy with them, and they will never fail you. . . . Holding in deepest loathing the dryasdust treatment of anything on God's beautiful earth, I am wholly out of patience with the ghoul-collector who gloats over the number of his victims embalmed in portfolios and coffined in solander-cases."

In connection with his zeal for print collecting, Mr. Layard tells an amusing story:

"One day at Buxton I had been introduced to a lady with whom I had a long talk on art. The next day, in the Gardens, I saw her sitting with a man whom I did not know. She bowed to me, and as I raised my hat and approached her, I cudgelled my brains for an opening gambit. 'How do you do?' I said. 'Are you very keen on prints?' Her hitherto smiling face turned to thunder, and she snapped out, 'I beg your pardon, *what* did you say?' I then explained that I had just been up the town and bought a fine mezzotint. She was then all smiles again, and it was not till the next day that I discovered that her companion's name was PRINCE!"

Mr. Layard's latest book* is concerned with prints—an exhaustive study of the variations of the engraving by Pierre Lombart of a mounted horseman, whose face, in different states of the plate, has represented, in turn, Cromwell, Louis XIV, Cromwell again, Charles I and Cromwell yet again.

Lombart, a French engraver who was in London during the last years of the reign of Charles I and most of the Commonwealth, borrowed the main details of his chameleon-like plate from the famous picture by Van Dyck, now at Windsor Castle, representing Charles I on horseback, under an archway, and attended, on foot, by the Duc d'Espernon, who bears the king's helmet. In Lombart's engraving the figures of the king and the horse have remained much the same during its various mutations; but, as I have said, the face of the rider has been altered again and again. Lombart also converted the figure of the bearded duke into a youthful foot-page, who, however, still and ever bears the rider's helmet; and the archway in Van Dyck's picture is transformed into a view of a little castle on a hill with a cavalry combat in progress at its base.

It has hitherto been believed by the experts that Lombart originally intended his print to portray the features of Charles I, and that he changed the face to that of Cromwell as a matter of political expediency when the regicide succeeded to the position and power he had wrested from his royal victim. Mr. Layard's theory is that Lombart from the outset, 1657, engraved the portrait of Cromwell in his picture, but that the first version of the face proved to be unsatisfactory to the artist, who then burnished or hammered out the head, and substituted another, which would account for the "halo" effect visible in the first Cromwell state of this print. Then, Mr. Layard argues, came the Restoration, when a portait of Cromwell would naturally be an unpalatable drug in the market. Lombart erased once more the head of the regicide, and the probably unique print from the plate in this truncated state—showing the horseman actually headless—is in the British Museum.

Instead of presenting, as one would expect, a portrait of the new king, Charles II, Lombart proceeded to engrave on his plate the face of his own king, Louis XIV, and two varying states of the engraving at this stage are in existence. Now, according to Mr. Layard, the plate passed out of the possession of Lombart, who had returned to France, and the new owner-engraver once more turned the picture into a portrait of Cromwell—a curious thing to do in the reign of Charles II, and which certainly could not expect to be a profitable venture. Before seven years had passed the artist discovered this fact, and about 1666 the engraving appeared with the head of Charles I. It became a good seller, yet, marvellous to relate, within a year the beheaded king was again beheaded in his portrait and Cromwell once more reappeared—but this time in the guise of an older, weaker man.

How Mr. Layard establishes all this, how he notes and records the varying differences of detail and accessory in the succeeding stages of this Vicar of Bray-like print, and how he refutes the beliefs of the experts who preceded him in the study of the subject, must be read in his book, which is a brilliant and beautifully produced contribution to the fascinating cult of print collecting. It is by no means a dry, technical treatise. Romance, the joys and humours of hunting and successful pursuit, run through its pages. Here is one excellent story. The author was inspecting the copy of Van Dyck's picture (the same which forms the basis of his book) hanging in the Middle Temple Hall, and conversed with the custodian thus:

"There's a curious legend attaching to that picture sir," he said. "Cromwell, not content with beheading Charles the First, must needs command the Benchers of the Inn to behead his picture, too."

"Behead his picture," I said. "What a vandal!"

"No, sir," he said, correcting me, "a Van Dyck!"

"Ah, yes!" I said, rather taken aback. "I mean, what did he want to mutilate the picture for?"

"He didn't exactly want them to cut up the picture, sir. He ordered the Benchers to take it down, get the king's face obliterated, and have his own painted in its place."

The story is curiously in agreement with the history of Lombart's engraving, and Mr. Layard has probed and related that history with a thoroughness worthy of the highest praise.

S. M. ELLIS.

* "The Headless Horseman." Pierre Lombart's Engraving, Charles or Cromwell. By George Somes Layard, with twelve reproductions. (Philip Allan.)

THE READER.

SHELLEY THE PROPHET.

By Gilbert Thomas.

IT is a hundred years this month since Shelley was drowned. "He died," said Mrs. Shelley, "and the world showed no outward sign." Few of his poems enjoyed any success during his lifetime, and except in a small circle of intimate friends, this most lovable and loving of all the English poets—who not merely wrote poetry, but lived it, and who emerges a more radiant figure than ever from the new Byron correspondence that was recently given to the public—was "treated as a reprobate, cast forth as a criminal." "Mad Shelley," "Atheist Shelley," he was called at school; and as "Mad Shelley," "Atheist Shelley" he was known to the end of his brief days. Men reproached him and cast out his name as evil. Great is his reward, "for in like manner did their fathers unto the prophets."

Shelley.

It is of Shelley as prophet that we most naturally think at this time. As the divine lyrical poet of "Adonais" and the odes to "The Skylark" and "The West Wind" and "The Cloud" he has long since taken his place among the immortals; but the intellectual and the prophetic element in his work has not received the full meed of recognition it will yet inevitably win for itself. "Inevitably"—because as society grows ever more sensitively interdependent, there will ultimately be no choice before the human race but that of Utopia—or extinction; and if men are not noble or sensible enough to build the New Jerusalem voluntarily, sheer necessity will force their hands. The "idealist" is, in the long run, the only true realist, the only true practical man. The future will justify the prophets. It will crown Shelley with an even brighter crown than he wears to-day.

Shelley's longer poems, with the exception of "The Cenci" were all attempts at describing a state of human perfection. Other poets have essayed the same task; but Shelley sang of Utopia without losing his lyrical note, as one who did not merely descry the dim outlines of the Ideal Republic upon the distant horizon, but as one who himself breathed its own native air of love and liberty. He was not merely a hundred years, he was, perhaps, many ages, before his time; but, however unattainable may seem to be the heights of idealism to which he soared with unsurpassed lyrical ecstasy, there was always reason, and a sense of balance and of direction, in his song. Take any typical passage—necessarily brief:

"But soon I looked
And behold, thrones were kingless, and men walked
One with the other, even as spirits do.
None fawned, none trampled; hate, disdain, or fear,
Self-love or self-contempt, on human brows
No more inscribed, as o'er the gates of hell,
'All hope abandon ye who enter here';
None frowned, none trembled, none with eager fear
Gazed on another's lips of cold command. . . .
None wrought his lips in truth-entangling lines
Which smiled the lie his tongue disdained to speak. . . .
None talked that common, false, cold, hollow talk
Which makes the heart deny the *yes* it breathes. . . .
And women, too, frank, beautiful, and kind
As the free heaven which rains fresh light and dew
On the wide earth, passed; gentle radiant forms
From custom's evil taint exempt and pure;
Speaking the wisdom once they could not think,
Looking emotions once they feared to feel,
And changed to all which once they dared not be,
Yet being now, made earth like heaven. . . ."

There, no doubt, we have perfection beyond our reach. Yet the vision is not that of an idle dreamer, seeking through his dreams an escape from life. It is essentially the vision of one who, if he has his head in the heavens, has his feet very firmly planted upon the ground; who has a strong grasp of principles, and who is unfailingly sure of the direction in which at

Shelley at the age of 12.
From a sketch said to have been made by the Duc de Montpeissier.
By courtesy of Mr. Roger Ingpen.

XUM

Percy B. Shelley

least we must travel, if we are not to perish. And already, within the century that has passed since Shelley's death, something of what his winged spirit foresaw has come to pass. Kings have indeed been dethroned until but a constitutional few remain; labour has made important strides towards taking its due place in the commonwealth; and women have at least set their feet upon the threshold of liberty and equality. So rapid has been the rise of woman to her present status that it is difficult to realise that a hundred years ago she was still a slave—or an ornament, and that to the respectable people of his day Shelley's championship of the "female sex" must indeed have seemed wildly revolutionary and "mad."

Shelley was the implacable foe of war. But, though his pacificism was transcendentally idealistic, it still had its roots in reason. He realised that war was not only bestial, but that, instead of solving or settling disputes, it merely made things worse. He appreciated the fact which those who have so glibly called him "atheist" have never themselves appreciated, that bad means cannot be justified by, and cannot indeed produce, a good end:

> "Revenge and Wrong bring forth their kind.
> The foul cubs like their parents are."

It sounds very elementary; and yet, because that simple truth has not been understood even by so-called Christians, the bones of millions of young men lie beneath the soil, and chaos holds the world in fee. To-day even the dullest amongst us is beginning dimly to realise that, as regards war, we can no longer afford to stone the prophets. We must choose either peace or racial suicide. It would have been well for the world if it had listened to "mad" Shelley.

"Revenge and Wrong bring forth their kind," sang Shelley; and, for those of an "atheist" poet, the words have a curious ring. They awaken echoes: listen!—"Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" To-day, indeed, the wisest spirits everywhere are recognising that Shelley was only an "atheist" in that he was more Christian than the Christians. It was only against the conventional Deity of the established religion of his time that he fulminated. He had himself been reared in a home of narrow orthodoxy, while William Godwin, who exercised much influence over his mind in its most formative years, had been subjected as a boy to all the tortures of a super-Calvinism. When Shelley thought of "God," he thought of the Awful Judge, before Whom men quailed with servile fear; he thought of the Omnipotent Ruler—Who must be, in view of all the human suffering He allowed, an Evil Ruler; he thought of the Lord of Hosts, "the Lord mighty in battle," goading on His chosen tribe to slaughter and vengeance. From such a "God" the poet's sensitive, gentle soul recoiled with horror. But for Christ, the lowly Galilean, Who, though a rebel against the existing order, was of love all compact, Shelley had the warmest admiration, and he understood Him as few have ever done. Not only, in "Prometheus Unbound," does he, in lines lyrical with sympathy and affection, bid us gaze upon Him:

> "Who made His agony
> The barrier to our else all-conquering foe";

but implicit throughout that wonderful drama is much of the fundamental teaching of Christ. Shelley knew that not by might, nor by power, but through "long-suffering love," must salvation come to the world:

> "To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
> To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
> To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
> To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
> Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
> This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
> Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
> This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory."

Shelley's conception in regarding "God" and Christ as antithetical was, of course—in part—muddled and imperfect; but, fundamentally, he was only anticipating—as he anticipated so much else—the lines along which the advanced theology of our own time is running. To-day our wisest religious leaders are realising that what the world needs is not a "Christianity" that primarily implies loyalty to ancient dogma and superstition and established authority, but a Christianity which involves the practice of love and mercy, and which truly reflects the simple and charitable and compassionate heart of its Founder. It is no longer possible to call Shelley an "atheist." To-day we think of him rather as the eternal child, set in the midst of the wise men.

MARY GODWIN IN DUNDEE.

By A. H. MILLAR, LL.D.

THE two prolonged visits which Mary Godwin paid to the Baxters in Dundee have not received the notice from her biographers to which they were entitled. As mistakes have been made and repeated by writers on Shelley (from Professor Dowden onwards) regarding the Baxter family, a brief account of William Thomas Baxter, the friend of the poet, may be of value. He was the cousin of William Baxter of Ellangowan, who was the father of Sir David Baxter of Kilmaron, Bart., the founder of the famous firm of Baxter Brothers, now represented by Sir George W. Baxter of Invereighty, Bart. Though Dundee was his business centre, he had a large connection in London; and while there he was introduced by his son-in-law, David Booth, to William Godwin, for whom both had profound esteem. Baxter and Booth were members of the small sect called Glassites (so named from the founder, the Rev. John Glass of Dundee), and though they were of disproportionate age, Baxter, who was seven years younger than his son-in-law, had given his eldest daughter Margaret to Booth as his first wife. After the death of Margaret, the enterprising Booth defied both the law of the land and the custom of his Church by marrying Isabella Baxter, his deceased wife's sister. It was for this reason, and no other, that Baxter the father and Booth the husband were expelled from the Glassite congregation, a fact unknown to Dr. Dowden.

David Booth was a notable man even at that exceptional period. He was born at Kinnettles, Forfarshire, of humble parentage, in 1766, and was self-educated. Beginning active life as a brewer at Newburgh in Fife, he was unsuccessful, and then became schoolmaster at Newburgh; but he was too ambitious and too gifted to remain in this occupation. His admiration for Godwin and his enthusiasm for the principles of that author led him to make Godwin's acquaintance, and also that of Shelley. Dr. Robert Blakey, Professor of Logic at Queen's College, Belfast (born 1795, died 1878), described Booth as "one of the most extraordinary personages I have met for some time"; and Dowden prints in full Shelley's letter to W. T. Baxter, December 30th, 1817, in which the poet refers to Booth as "a man of great intellectual acuteness and consummate skill in the exercise of logic." Booth edited a number of books—his own and others—for the Society of Useful Knowledge; and Charles Lamb wrote to Godwin in 1822: "Pray return my recognition to Mr. Booth, from whose excellent 'Tables of Interest' I daily receive inexpressible official facilities." Though himself a transgressor of the law, Booth became indignant at the elopement of Shelley with Mary Godwin, and positively commanded Isabella Baxter, his wife, not to accompany Shelley and Mary to Italy, or to have any communication with them. He survived till 1845, and is embalmed in the pages of the "Dictionary of National Biography."

Baxter met Shelley at Godwin's house in 1809, and their mutual regard continued at least till 1817, despite Booth's embargo upon Isabella Baxter. In one of his letters written in 1816 the poet speaks of the Baxters having "lost all their fortune," but this was not the case, though the Napoleonic wars had paralysed trade for some time, for Baxter's two sons, Robert and John Cowley Baxter, carried on the business after the death of their father. Baxter had married young, was twice married and had a family of two sons and five daughters, Margaret being the eldest of the family and Isabella (the second Mrs. Booth) being the youngest. The house which the Baxters inhabited, and where Mary Godwin spent nearly two years of happy girlhood, had some historical interest attached to it. The mansion, called "The Cottage," had been erected about 1780 as the jointure-house of the Dowager Countess of Strathmore, after Castle Lyon (now Castle Huntly) in the Carse of Gowrie had passed from that noble family. It stood to the east of Dundee, on the Broughty Ferry road, and remained till about 1890, when it was removed to form the present Baffin Street. The elevation shows the southern frontage of the house. There is a plan of Dundee, dated 1793, which indicates its location at the time when Mary Godwin was there. The chimneys of the glass works (in that plan) show where the pier was from which Mary Godwin set out on March 20th, 1814, for London before her eventful meeting with Shelley. In her preface to "Frankenstein" Mary tells how she

Photo by W. S. Campbell.

Shelley Monument at Christchurch,

Monument in Christchurch Priory, Hants.
To Percy Bysshe Shelley and Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.
Designed by H. Weeks, A.R.A., 1854.

By courtesy of Mr. Roger Ingpen, from his edition of "The Letters of Shelley" now reissued, without illustrations, by Messrs. Bell in Bohn's Library.

had frequently sat amid "a romantic group of pinetrees looking on the water" while she was pondering on her novel, completed some years after.

Among the Baxter girls Mary's favourite was Christian (Christy) Baxter, and next to her came Isabella. Christy first made Mary's acquaintance when Baxter and his daughter visited Godwin at London; and it was soon afterwards that Godwin consented to let Mary spend a holiday in Scotland. Some confusion has arisen among the biographers regarding the date of the first visit to Dundee, but this is quite unnecessary. On June 8th, 1812, Godwin wrote from Skinner Street to Baxter in these terms: "My dear Sir; I have shipped off to you by yesterday's packet, the *Osnaburgh*, Captain Wishart, my only daughter. I attended her to the wharf and remained an hour on board till the vessel got under way." From June till October 10th—according to Professor Dowden—or November 10th, as given in Mrs. Julian Marshall's life of Mary Godwin—the holiday was spent with the Baxters at The Cottage; and when Mary returned to London she took Christy Baxter with her, who remained at Skinner Street till the following summer. On her second visit to Dundee in June, 1813, Mary took Christy Baxter home to Dundee; and Mary remained at The Cottage till March 20th, 1814. The date and length of this visit has afforded food for fiery discussion by Dowden, T. J. Hogg and J. Cordy Jeaffreson, but the matter is conclusively settled by the following extracts from the private journal of Christy Baxter, copied from the manuscript by the present writer:

Shelley,

From the portrait by William E. West in the possession of Mrs. John Dunn.
Reproduced as frontispiece to H. S. Salt's selection from "The Prose Works of Shelley," just reissued by Messrs. Watts.

"*Sunday, July 4th,* 1813.—Went to the Meeting in the afternoon, and then to The Cottage,—they were just finishing dinner—stayed till tea—there is a Miss Godwin and a Miss Hopwood both from London staying with them just now,—the latter is a teacher of drawing."

"*Sunday, March 20th,* 1814.—I went out to The Cottage in the forenoon to see Mary Godwin shipped for London,—I understood she would be away by twelve, but the vessel did not sail or [till] two. The day cleared, and we wandered about all the adjoining grounds. The vessel (old Wishart) at length came out, and about three o'clock the boat came ashore and took her on board from the Bottle-Work Rock. They were all very sorry like to part."

It will be noticed that Miss Hopwood, daughter of James Hopwood senior, the engraver, and sister of James junior and William, all engravers, had visited Mary Godwin at this time in Dundee and accompanied her back to London. Hogg writes that when he saw Mary for the first time—on June 8th, 1814—she had recently returned from Scotland and was wearing "a frock of tartan, an unusual dress in London at that time." This is said to have been the first time that Shelley had noticed Mary, yet in that month he addressed to her the poem, "Mine eyes are dim with tears unshed." On July 28, 1814, Mary Godwin eloped with Shelley.

Christy Baxter, whose name appears in all the biographies of Shelley and of Mary Godwin, survived all her family, dying at Mid Street, Dundee, in 1886, aged ninety-three years, and in very reduced circumstances. In 1882 the late Mr. A. C. Haden (son of Sir F. Seymour Haden, the famous etcher) was resident in Dundee and visited Christy Baxter, communicating the result to the present writer. She was rather hurt at the idea that her sister Isabella (Mrs. D. Booth) had been represented as the chief friend of Mary Godwin, as she claimed that she was in closer intimacy, and had met many distinguished literary men at Skinner Street while on her long visit to William Godwin. Her brother, Robert Baxter, was acquainted with Charles Clairmont while that youth was in Constable's printing office in Edinburgh, thus affording another link with the Shelley circle and Dundee.

The Cottage,

where Mary Godwin stayed, in Broughty Ferry Road, Dundee, as it was in 1813-14.
Drawn by David Small.

SHELLEY IN LONDON.

By ROGER INGPEN.

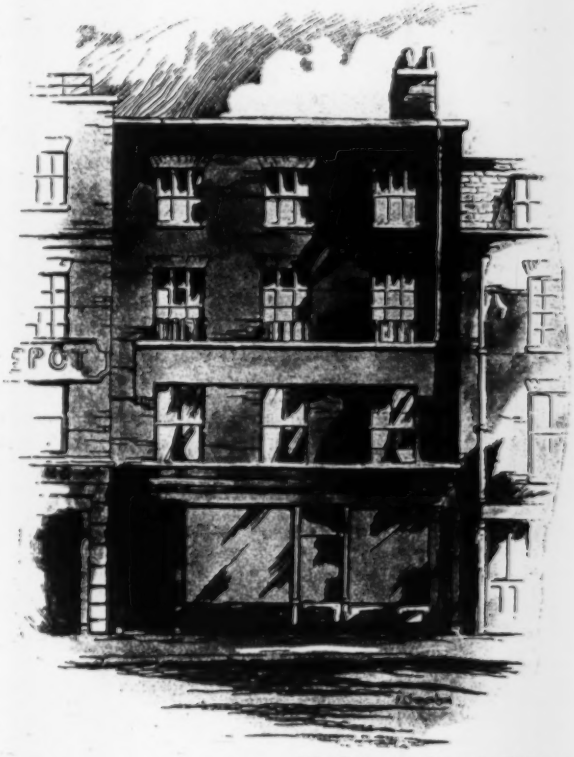
THE pleasant, social side of London life in the reign of George III, which attracted Byron, Rogers, Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt, did not interest Shelley. Although he was drawn to London from time to time for the sake of meeting his friends he never desired to live there for any love of the town, and his association was chiefly that of a visitor. In "Peter Bell the Third" he satirises with grim humour the corrupt side of London life, and declares that:

> "Hell is a city much like London—
> A populous and smoky city;
> There are all sorts of people undone
> And there is little or no fun done;
> Small justice shown and still less pity. . . ."

It is true to say that Shelley while in London, and especially during the winter of 1814, saw much of the sordid side of London life. He suffered poverty in obscure lodgings and was in constant dread of arrest for debt, and was in touch with moneylenders and lawyers. London therefore probably suggested no very pleasant thoughts to him when he was in Italy. His earlier impressions may have been pleasanter.

Shelley's father when in London used to put up at Miller's Hotel, Westminster Bridge, in order to be near the House of Commons, and probably it was there that Bysshe stayed during his earliest visits to London. When at Eton he used to come up to London to see his friend Edward Fergus Graham, who lived at 29, Vine Street, Piccadilly, and we read of a visit planned to his cousins, the Groves, at their house in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Shelley's sisters, Mary and Hellen, were at Miss Fenning's school—Church House—which stood on the north side of Clapham Common, near the "Old Town," directly facing Trinity Church. The site is now occupied by Nelson Terrace. It was there that Shelley first met Harriet Westbrook, his future wife, a beautiful schoolgirl with a complexion of "brilliant pink and white and hair quite like a poet's dream and Bysshe's peculiar admiration." One of Shelley's most memorable stays in London was immediately after he and Hogg were expelled from Oxford. On the day following that event, March 26th, those two young philosophers took places on the outside of the coach for London. Lodgings for the night were obtained at a coffee-shop in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, and the evening was spent with Shelley's cousins, the Groves, at their house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The next day Shelley and Hogg went in search of lodgings, which were not easily found to Bysshe's satisfaction. At one place he objected to the street cries, at another to the appearance of the landlady or her maid, but at length they came to Poland Street, off the Oxford Road. The name had a pleasing sound to Shelley's ears, as it reminded him "of Jane Porter's novel, 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' and liberty." The sitting-room on the first floor specially attracted Shelley, though somewhat dark and quiet, for its walls were covered with a gay paper of "trellises, vine-leaves with their tendrils, and huge clusters of grapes, green and purple, all represented in lively colours." Shelley was delighted and declared that they should live there for ever. His bedroom opened out of the sitting-room, which had the same paper on the walls, and while touching them he wanted to know if grapes really grew in that manner anywhere. Hogg, however, who never despised creature comforts, ordered a fire. The house in Poland Street is still standing, and until recently it remained much in the same condition as in Shelley's time. To-day it presents a greatly altered appearance. Hogg has given us a very lively and detailed account of his stay in London with Shelley at this time, but it was only of brief duration, as on April 16th he was sent to the north of England by his friends. After Hogg's departure Shelley remained alone at the lodgings for a month, until about May 15th, when he returned to the paternal roof, Field Place. Towards the end of his stay at Poland Street he was restless and lonely. His father in a letter described him as "woefully melancholy," but he was anxious that Shelley should be left alone as a punishment for having been expelled from Oxford. Shelley's solitude, however, drove him for companionship to the Westbrooks' house—23, Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square. The house was long ago demolished with the rest of the street, which was rebuilt as Aldford Street. After his visit to Field Place, Shelley went to see his cousins, the Groves, at their place in Wales. From there he

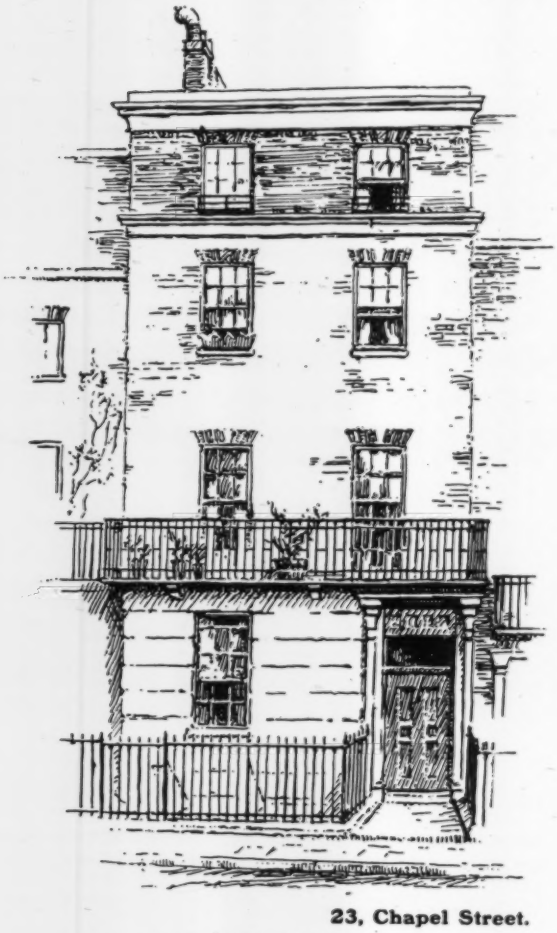


15, Poland Street, Soho.

Drawing by F. Clementson.

This and our other two drawings of Shelley's London homes are reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Roger Ingpen from his edition of "The Letters of Shelley" (Pitmans), now reissued, without illustrations, in Messrs. Bells' Bohn's Library series.

XUM



23, Chapel Street.

Drawing by D. Collins.

By courtesy of Mr. Roger Ingpen.

wrote to Hogg early in August that in consequence of the persecution of Harriet Westbrook by her father he was coming to London to carry her off. Shelley asked for letters to be directed to him at his friend Graham's (who apparently had moved)—18, Sackville Street, Piccadilly. He seems to have been at the Groves' during this visit, but I cannot say whether it is known where he stayed. However, it was from the house in Chapel Street late in August, 1811, probably Saturday, August 24th, that Harriet Westbrook went forth to elope with Shelley, who was waiting with a hackney coach outside a small coffee-house in Mount Street, near her father's house.

Shelley's next visit to London was in November, 1812, where he stayed at Lewis's Hotel, St. James's Street. On April 5th, 1813, he was in town, apparently with the object of seeing "Queen Mab" through the press. Hogg says that the Shelleys "remained a few days at a hotel in Dover Street [Cook's Hotel, which probably ran through from Albemarle Street to Dover Street], and then Harriet took lodgings in Half Moon Street, accounting the situation fashionable"; they stayed there several months, and then went to Pimlico to be near the Boinvilles, which was esteemed very desirable; and there I think Ianthe was born. In the August following Shelley came of age. There was a little projecting window in Half Moon Street in which Shelley might be seen from the street all day long, book in hand, with lively gestures and bright eyes; so that Mrs. Newton said "he wanted only a pan of clear water and a fresh turf to look like some lady's lark hanging outside for air or song." I believe that the house in Half Moon Street in which Shelley lived has not been identified. It has probably been pulled down. Nor can anything be said about the house in Pimlico where his first child was born.

Shelley eloped with Mary Godwin, then but a girl of sixteen, on July 28th, 1814. She left her father's shop in Skinner Street, Holborn, and a few steps brought her to the corner of Hatton Garden, where Shelley was waiting with a post-chaise. Skinner Street was completely destroyed in order to erect Holborn Viaduct, and with it Godwin's shop, which was largely associated with Shelley. Shelley and Mary returned to London on September 13th, 1814, and lodged at 56, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square. They then occupied lodgings in various houses during that winter of poverty in London. On March 29th, 1816, Shelley wrote from 26, Marchmont Street, Russell Square. It was a lodging-house (and is still standing), which was patronised on more than one occasion by Shelley, and that address is mentioned in his will.

In March, 1818, when Shelley was preparing for what proved to be his final departure from England, he lodged at Great Russell Street—the number has not been identified. Here he saw his friends and here he took leave of them; he sailed from Dover on March 12th.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1922.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original four-line epigram on any recent novel.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to H. I. Strand, of Knoyle, Seaton, Devon, for the following:

THE HAMLETS.

Not to have known you!—O hamlets of England
Held in the shade of the old English trees;
You with the gentle eyes seen in your doorways
Where the blue cottage-smoke curls to the breeze.

Not to have known you!—and these your enchantments,
Little dim thatches all fragrant of peat;
Here a grey belfry, and there a brown brooklet,
Plashing its way by a cobble-stoned street.

Not to have known you!—O hamlets of England,
That were misfortune too fell to be told;
I who have known in the light of Life's morning,
Pray to return to you when I am old.

Though I should fare to the bounds of the oceans—
Even the isles of the uttermost seas—
I must come home to you, hamlets of England,
Held in the shade of your wardens the trees.

We also select for printing:

THE LOST COUNTRY.

Where now are the tall spires with the sunshine on their vanes?
Where the magic mountains beyond the rainbow plains?
The glamour of wind-tossed fountains, the brooks that leapt and sang,
And the wild, sweet voice of promise wherewith the whole world rang?

I walk in a haunted city where pale ghosts turn to me
With eyes of a wistful longing that once was ecstasy;
I listen for songs and laughter, but only the sound of tears
And the silence that follows after drifts down the vanished years.

Never again, my soul, in sunshine or in rain;
Hands have shattered the bowl, drought has withered the grain.
Never again, O Youth, the feet that naught can tire,
The joy of the whirlwind's swift pursuit, the height, the cloud, the fire!

(G. Laurence Groom, 1, St. Mark's House, Regent's Park, N.W.1.)

A GARDEN OF DREAMS.

The wind played over my face,
It murmured and sang in my ears;
But the winds of memory surged and sang
Across the years.

I heard the flutter of wings
As the birds flew past my hair;
But the winds of memory stirred my heart
In the garden fair.

Cherry-bloom white as snow,
And a sky of cloudless blue.
But the garden I saw was a Garden of Dreams,
Where you passed through.

(Evelina San Garde, Gaulkthorne House, Oswaldtwistle, Lancs.)

We also specially commend the lyrics sent by Olive R. Bridgman (Cape Province, South Africa), J. O. Dwyer (Lichfield), B. M. Danby (Scarborough), Nancy Pollock (Glasgow), Margaret Huggins (Exmouth), Rudolf Robert (Bristol), Constance I. Davies (Hamilton, Ontario), Dorothy O. Trollope (East Ham), Phyllis Erica Noble (Walthamstow), Edith Allen (Bristol), R. A. H. Goodyear (Scarborough), Margaret Ormiston (London, S.W.), Hilda de Fleury (Tadworth), Maud Slessor (Rottingdean), C. W. Prosser (Ramsgate), E. Gwen Mountford (Leytonstone), Renney Rowlatt (Manchester), Clara M. Wayland (Lilac, Saskatchewan), Alice Youle Hind (Brighton), Dorothy Cutts (Aberdeen), F. N. Jellicoe (Southwold), Arthur Powell (London, S.W.), J. N. Maciver (Bushey), C. E. Askew (Tipton), C. B. Hardmore (Canterbury), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport, Isle of Wight), Margaret Skelton (Carlisle), M. A. Ruck (Bubbenhall), F. M. Barnett (Tilehurst), Eva Dobell (Malvern), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill), H. Preiss (Cape Province, South Africa), Rosamond Pratt (Muswell Hill), Montague Hayward Potter (Rome), Mariquita Gutierrez (San Sebastian), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), Lilian Holmes (Pinner), Annie L. Vale (Bridgwater), Alice E. Oldacre (Stoke-on-Trent), W. G. Stone (Leytonstone), D. A. R. G. (Bridgwater), Robert C. Bodker (Streatham Hill), D. Phyllis Flowerdew (Llanelly), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Enid Blyton (Beckenham).

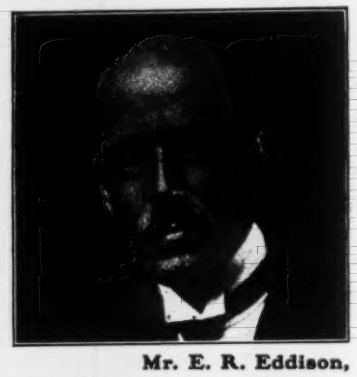
II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, of 11, Guildford Road, Tunbridge Wells, for the following:

MONEY AND CREDIT. BY C. J. MELROSE. (Collins.)

"How happy could I be with either."

GAY, *The Beggar's Opera.*

26, Marchmont Street,
where Shelley lodged in London.
Drawing by D. Collins. By courtesy of Mr. Roger Ingpen.



Mr. E. R. Eddison,
author of "The Worm Ouroboros," recently published by Mr. Jonathan Cape.

We also select for printing:

A GREAT SURPRISE. By NAT GOULD. (John Long.)

"This house is to be let."
FRANCIS QUARLES, *Epigrams.*

(N. M. Butterfield, 163, Coventry Road, Ilford.)

MANY ALTARS. By MAUD I. NISBET. (John Long.)

"I'll marry one lady to-day,
And I'll marry the other to-morrow."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

(Sidney S. Wright, 171, Widmore Road, Bromley, Kent.)

SOME THINGS THAT MATTER. By LORD RIDDELL. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!"
R. BROWNING, *Pied Piper of Hamelin.*

(Ada F. Strike, 38, Harrow Road, Worthing.)

REVOLUTION. By J. D. BERESFORD. (Collins.)

"And liberty plucks justice by the nose."
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, Act I, Sc. 4.

(Florence M. Campbell, Y.W.C.A., Post Office Road, Bournemouth.)

III.—The PRIZE for the best passage from English literature in praise of the Gardener is divided, and Two BOOKS each awarded to Mabel Westby-Nunn, of 6, Painswick Lawn, Cheltenham Spa, and K. I. Noble, of 9, Forest Rise, E.17, for the following:

"To make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God. . . . It is work for a God."—CARLYLE.

MABEL WESTBY-NUNN.

"You shall see the blessings of God on your labours while you live, and leave behind you to heire's and successors such a worke, that many ages after your death shall record your love to your country."—WILLIAM LAWSON.

K. I. NOBLE.

We select for special commendation the replies from Mrs. M. H. Snow (Margate), Marcella Whitaker (Carlton), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), G. Hill (Mill Hill), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Cecil W. Hull (Hazelwood), N. M. Butterfield (Ilford), A. U. Brickenden (Wexford), Miles March (Liverpool), Flora Bigham (Tillington).

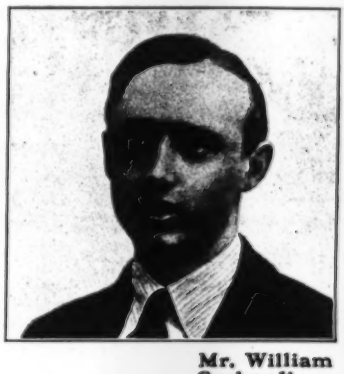
IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Kathleen Rice, of "The Warren," Devonshire Road, Harpenden, Herts, for the following:

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF HARRIETT FREAN.
By MAY SINCLAIR. (Collins.)

Miss Sinclair has achieved a rather wonderful piece of work in this book. In less than two hundred pages she has vividly portrayed the life, mind and thoughts of a real woman. The story is a quiet tragedy; and all the more arrestingly tragic because of its commonplace. Harriett Frean, her early life eclipsed by the intensity of her love for her parents, so unconsciously repressed her natural instincts that, as she grew older, she became incapable of anything beyond mechanical action and thought. The story is one of the finest psychological studies that Miss Sinclair has written.

We also select for printing:

TITLE CLEAR. By SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN. (MRS. EVERARD COTES). (Hutchinson.)



Mr. William Gerhardi,
whose striking novel of Russian life, "Futility," Mr. R. Cobden-Sanderson is publishing.

This book is a treasure in these triangle-plot days. It is clean and gay, with the freshness of scarcely dried ink about it, the characters breathe, the dialogue is good and humorous. The scene is laid in a tiny Perthshire village, and the book with its two delightful heroines will appeal both to Scotch and English readers. It stands a big test: it can be read aloud; it is a book to buy and to lend. "Title Clear" deserves a wide public, and no one who cares for modern Scotch literature must miss it. Mrs. Cotes has excelled herself.

(A. A. A., 23, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W.3.)

THE THINGS WE ARE.
By JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY. (Constable.)

There is a limpid, flowing rhythm about this very introspective book. It relates the gradual unfolding of Mr. Boston's inner self, his many-sided relations with acquaintances and his curious misgivings and reticences. We see the innumerable contradictory forces that draw people into closest affinity and divide them across measureless space. There are passages—particularly the one about the garden at Hampstead and Keats's house—which stir with an odd sense as of some half-recaptured wonder—like the dim memory of an old dream. The whole book has an air of strange beauty.

(Joyce McGown Clark, "The Kieve," Sunninghill, Berks.)

PAULINA. By MAX PEMBERTON. (Cassell.)

Max Pemberton's new book relates the story of the last days of the Venetian Republic and of the futile effort of Paulina, the Doge's daughter, and her English lover to save the city. Paulina's adventures with sea-rovers, her honourable captivity in Paris and her successful attempt at gaining the acquittal of her lover from a charge of murder, form an excellent and entertaining plot. Add to this the author's well-known talent for "costume" writing and vivid description, and the result is in every way a fine piece of work.

(H. A. Bush, 3, Crawford Avenue, Bolton, Lancs.)

We select for special commendation the twelve reviews sent by Enid Blyton (Beckenham), B. Noël Saxelby (Buxton), Joyce McGown Clark (Sunninghill), J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), V. Narayanan (Madras), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), B. C. Hardy (Kensington), James A. Richards (Tenby), Winifred M. Davies (Derby), Vivien Ford (Kensington).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Oliver Martin Warner, of 68, Lombard Street, E.C.3.

MR. HARDY'S NEW POEMS.*

By LAURENCE BINYON.

THE "late lyrics" in this volume form about half of the contents, and show that with Mr. Hardy at any rate the poet's fire does not "get faint and low" with advancing years. The rest of the pieces are poems left over from preceding collections, or overlooked and newly found.

One of the impressions strongly remaining after reading these pages is the deep affection for the art of music that constantly finds direct or indirect expression. It is not a vague "panting for the music which is divine," nor the abstract enthusiasm of the concert haunter, so much as a natural love, deepened and engrained by long associations, for music itself and perhaps still more for all that music represents in the traditional life of the countryside—the life-sweetening moments, the gay release from labour—mingled with affectionate memories of the musicians themselves, young and old; memories of dance-tunes and those who played them and those who danced to them; of village choirs and bell-ringers; an affection flowing out even to the well-worn instruments themselves, lending them each life and personality. We are reminded of scenes in the Wessex novels like the opening chapters of "Under the Greenwood Tree," and remember the vein of true artist feeling and understanding that shows itself unconsciously and delightfully in certain of the homely-natured villagers.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Thomas Hardy.**

Most poets apparently have little comprehension or appreciation of music. Swinburne, it is said, did not know "God Save the Queen" when he heard it. Browning was an exception; but though capable of very musical verse, he cannot be called a melodious poet. Nor is Mr. Hardy a melodious poet, though he too, it is obvious, could write delightful melody if he chose. Indeed he does sometimes so choose. Witness some of the songs in this book. Here is one:

"If grief come early
Joy comes late,
If joy come early
Grief will wait;
Aye, my dear and tender!

"Wise ones joy them early
While the cheeks are red,
Banish grief till surly
Time has dulled their dread.

"And joy being ours
Ere youth has flown,
The later hours
May find us gone;
Aye, my dear and tender!"

But the theme needs to be simple—a jet of emotion—for the melody to come unchecked. If a poet aims at verbal melody he must reckon to sacrifice weight and precision of meaning to a certain degree. And two qualities of Mr. Hardy's gift prevent his speech from obeying more than occasionally the pure singing impulse. One of these is the activity of his thought, his ever-present consciousness of the problems of existence; the other is his passion for what in a painter would be called good drawing; his structural definition, his scrupulous aversion from easy smoothness, from vagueness and from merely emotional or decorative colour. Perhaps the novelist's pursuit of close detail in description has strengthened a natural bent; and though even in prose Mr. Hardy's descriptions are essentially poetic, with their constant awareness of the invisible energies at work behind motionless surfaces, still we feel that as a poet he shows a defect when he rejects or fails to find the word which, by sound rather than sense, is emotionally significant and therefore right. His verse but rarely carries a bloom on it. He coins words, or invents new uses for words, as boldly as Shakespeare; but he has not (who has?) Shakespeare's uncanny felicity.

Whether deliberately or no, Mr. Hardy seems to have founded his lyric art on those forms of song which the genius of a people discovers by instinct for itself; simple forms which yet, as we know from many an anonymous song and ballad that has come down to us, imply a fundamental sense of beauty and expressive power. Economised narrative; dramatic speech; varied repetition of a lilting refrain; the compressed intensity we find in "The Twa Corbies" and "Edward, Edward" or "Clerk Saunders"—these are Mr. Hardy's chosen aims and chosen modes. But into the forms and manners of old tradition he imparts the colour of his peculiar imagination and all the curiosity of a modern, probing mind. He varies the measures too; always tending, it would seem, to prefer the technically more difficult metre, as if he courted resistance in his material and delighted in an obstacle ingeniously overcome. Still, the fundamental plan of his lyrics is that of folk-song and ballad; hence a definiteness of outline and a solidity for which in these days we are grateful.

The ironies of circumstance still have their old fascination for Mr. Hardy, not only as the thoughtful spectator of life, but as the dramatic artist intent on the crucial situation when the souls of men and women are shown naked. A master of compressed narrative, he varies here on familiar themes. But he wins us more with other pieces, such as "The Whitewashed Wall":

"Why does she turn in that shy, soft way
Whenever she stirs the fire,
And kiss to the chimney-corner wall
As if entranced to admire
Its whitewashed bareness? . . ."

* "Late Lyrics and Earlier: With many other verses." By Thomas Hardy. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

A friend had once outlined the shadow of her son's head on the wall, thrown by the firelight, and the silhouette had a "lifelike semblance." Then the whitewasher came and whitewashed the wall and covered the face from view:

"But she knows he's there. And when she yearns
For him, deep in the labouring night,
She sees him as close at hand, and turns
To him under his sheet of white."

Who but Hardy could have written that, with its tender unexpectedness? (Must we also add, with the forced accents of its metre?) Or the "Fallow Deer at the Lonely House":

"One without looks in to-night
Through the curtain-chink
From the sheet of glistening white;
One without looks in to-night
As we sit and think
By the fender-brink.

"We do not discern those eyes
Watching in the snow;
Lit by lamps of rosy dyes
We do not discern those eyes
Wondering, aglow,
Four-footed, tiptoe."

I wish I had more space to quote, especially the beautiful poem which closes the book—"Surview." But this, I doubt not, will soon be familiar to all lovers of poetry.

The volume is prefaced by an "Apology," which is mainly a repudiation of the author's alleged "pessimism," and goes on to suggest that we are threatened with a new Dark Age, owing to "the barbarising of taste in the younger minds by the dark madness of the late war" and "the unabashed cultivation of selfishness in all classes"; and concludes with an affirmation of the necessity of religion "unless the world is to perish," and a "forlorn hope" of its alliance with complete rationality. Here is plenty of matter for discussion, but I have little space left. Mr. Hardy contends that "pessimism" misnames what are only "obstinate questionings" in face of the mysteries of the universe; and he quotes an old line of his own:

"If way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look at the Worst."

Pessimism is truly a word of sloven usage nowadays; and all honest thinkers are liable to incur the charge. But I think Mr. Hardy may forget that he has sometimes seemed to assume a positive malice in the Unseen Power; it is things like the concluding sentence of "Tess" which stick in the mind, and give some excuse to the criticisms he complains of. Nevertheless he is right; no true pessimist would still be singing at eighty, with a glorious record of creativeness behind him. And after all it is not by a writer's expressed philosophy of life that we judge him; it is by the contact with his spirit and all that this means in the enriching of our own lives. And we think of the men and women that people the Wessex novels, and remember how, entwined with the energy that created them, is a deep, if never obtruded, faith in human courage and human goodness.

Mr. Hardy speaks, not without some bitterness, of the rough handling he has had from critics, and has some justly trenchant words on the tendency of average criticism to "scrutinise the tool-marks and be blind to the building." But he must know that, if late in finding full appreciation, his work has won the victory over all the stupidity of detraction, though he does not perhaps realise how numerous are the "troops of friends" who honour him in his greatness and his old age.

THE AMERICAN LITERARY MARKET.

BY G. H. GRUBB.

TO achieve the "best selling" stage in America is more than something attempted and something done. It is, literally, a very big accomplishment. And it means, not a 20,000 sale, as Mr. Frankau recently stated to be the line of the "best seller" in England, but anything from 100,000 to 500,000 or more. Probably the largest circulation in recent years belongs to Harold Bell Wright whose earlier books sold to an enormous extent — more than the half-million. Latterly he has not reached so prodigious a sale. Then another top notcher, as they say, is Gene Stratton-Porter, whose numbers increase rather than diminish. And, interestingly enough, she has tens of thousands of readers in England. But, of course, the most notable success of recent times is that of Mr. Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes." Like "The Rosary," it is an English novel which first got going in America, the furioso of its popularity carrying its contagion to Great Britain. And "If Winter Comes" made its way by sheer merit. The American publishers gave it no special publicity at first. It just captured the imagination of the people and, we dare say, by this it is reaching the half-million mark. Mr. Hutchinson does not understand it. He is so naturally and refreshingly modest, that those of us who know him are not surprised at his reaction to this, to most people, stupefying success. He has but come into his own—long overdue. There are half a dozen other English novels securing big sales in America, the most prominent being Mrs. Hull's "The Sheikh." I believe an impression is printed each week! Then there is Mr. Paris's "Kimono." Both of these have all the popular elements in them which make a best seller. But it is good news to note the

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. G. H. Grubb.**

immediate success of Mr. Keable's relentless romance, "Simon called Peter"—so badly misunderstood in England—although it has had many printings. "Scaramouche," by Rafael Sabatini, too, has intrigued a large number of American readers, while, of course, Miss Dell repeats her "imperial" success both with her latest long novel, "The Obstacle Race," and her spring volume, "The Odds, and other Stories," and Mr. Bennett's "Mr. Prohack" is said to be doing well. It is intellectually satisfying to observe that Michael Sadleir's "Privilege" is making its way with the thinking novel reader on the other side of the Atlantic, as was the case here, and now news reaches us that Miss Larminie's very penetrating study in psychology, "Search," is being approved. In the light of the preceding notes, it cannot be said that America is neglecting the new school of British novelists. We are only touching upon current happenings. There are many other tried and famous writers whose following in the United States is considerable. But, apart from all this, America has its own writers of novels, and their importance and numbers are growing yearly. It says much for their mental energy and broadness of view that, in addition to their new intense and convincing colony of novelists, they are able to absorb and digest so many English authors. On this there is scope for an exhaustive and analytical chapter. It is, in passing, worth while checking off those American novelists who have recently found favour in the eye of the American public. "Main Street" of course; there has been a fine race for supremacy between it and "If Winter Comes"—and I think Mr. Hutchinson will win. That is odd, because Mr. Lewis has given us a remarkable picture of a very real phase of a certain aspect of American life. Here it has, in comparison with its success yonder, lamentably failed. A pity; for it just misses greatness. We must not forget Hergesheimer's "Cytherea," Norris's "Brass"—still in activity—Herbert Quick's "Vandemarks Folly," a good story; Mrs. Atherton's "Sleeping Fires," Sydnor Harrison's "Saint Terasa"—a fine romance—that novel teeming with life behind the beyond, "The Flaming Forest," by James Curwood, and Dorothy Canfield's novel, which has been running well for some months now, "The Brimming Cup." One other novel, immense in its restless realism, but a pioneer in the new school of American fiction, which apparently Mr. Walpole has not yet found in England, but which is published here, is Ben Hecht's "Erik Dorn," over which there has been much writing and more conversations than over any other first American novel for years past. Mr. Hecht is a Chicago newspaper man, and he has given us a picture extraordinary in its colouring and fascinating in its scheme. Just what his next novel, which he is busily completing, will be like, it is difficult to say, but judging by its title, which he tells us is "Gargoyles," we may expect a story which will cause us to scratch our intellects. And what of the "best sellers" in America in general literature? Again an Englishman holds pride of place—Mr. Duster, with his "Mirror" books, although there are those who say that "The Mirrors of Washington" has broken the tape with him. Word has just come to hand that the author of "The Mirrors of Washington" has written another book. This time it will not be a series of character studies, but a general cross-section of political life and tendencies at Washington, with sidelights on the "great," and others of the capital. But these four volumes have been chased pretty closely by that burlesque of Southern Sea literature, "The Cruise of the *Kawa*," by Captain Traprock, who, by the way, is said to be planning a "trip" to Africa or the North Pole, or somewhere else! In non-fiction Mr. Wells's "Outline of History" holds sway, but it will probably soon be pushed aside by Professor Thomson's "Outline of Science." We must not forget Lord Frederic Hamilton's delightful volumes of reminiscences, especially "Here, There, and Everywhere," the sales of which are going up in leaps and bounds; or Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria," which has probably reached 50,000 by this. Sir Philip Gibbs always makes countless friends, with his frank and honest books, in America, and his "More That Must be Told," is no exception, while of course Mrs. Asquith's book is read almost as feverishly as ever. On the whole, she did very well on her recent lecture tour, and her volume of impressions, which Mr. Thornton Butterworth will publish here, should be sure of a great sale. These are the English general books doing exceptionally well in America. The most successful American book in this category, or rather books, are Mr. Bok's "Americanization," and "The Story of Mankind," by H. W. Van Loon. Both most entertaining. Others are: "Outwitting Our Nerves," a very good selling title, by Jackson & Salisbury, Mr. Tumulty's book on Mr. Wilson, "What Next in Europe," by Mr. Vanderlip, Harold Stearn's "Civilization in the United States," Basil King's "Conquest of Fear," and Julian Street's "Mysterious Japan." I suppose most of the books to which we have referred are, or will be, published in England.

Three British dramatists have lately met with success in America: Lord Dunsany with "If"—to be shortly produced in New York—Temple Thurston with "The Wandering Jew," and Mr. Milne with "The Truth About Blayds." "If" and Mr. Thurston's play have been published in book form, and Mr. Milne's "Truth About Blayds," and probably one, if not others of his plays will be out in the near future. Mr. Milne has done well in America. "Mr. Pim" is going strong, while his "Red House Mystery" has scored an immediate success. It is already in its third impression, while his delicious and delectable "If I May" and "Not that it Matters" have been printed many times.

Messrs. Doran have discovered Dorothy Speare. She has got to be known in England—and she will be appreciated. Until recently she was an undergraduate at college, training for the operatic stage. Last year she wrote a novel, "Dancers in the Dark"—and it is succeeding. She is worth watching: she is young, penetrating, analytical, charming. She has many books at the back of her visions, and she will write them, and they will be good, with a background and atmosphere which will apppeal to most of us.

Last month that far too infrequent writer, Edgar Guest, published "Making the House a Home." Too infrequent because of his allurement, although I dare say he writes as much as most men. Nobody, excepting himself and his fortunate publishers,

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knows just how many thousands of copies his books sell, and it surprises us that he has not any great field here.

A new Stevenson? Some are saying so. Anyhow, Mr. Robert Gordon Anderson's "The Isle of the Seven Moons" is of "Treasure Island" kind, and the writing is not unreminiscent. He brings back the old thrills with a novel of sizzling adventure, brave men, arch villains, love and romance. He gets you down, by various breathless machinations, to a real mystic isle somewhere off the chart, and your blood pumps, and your heart sighs, and you realise that it's all good stuff in good style. Mr. Anderson wrote a great little book on Roosevelt—"Leader of Men," as he so aptly called it.

Out there came, on the heels of the Conference at Washington, "The Great Adventure at Washington," by Mark Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan's various articles are syndicated to more than seventy daily papers throughout the United States, and they are read in every state in the Union. If only Mr. Balfour—it is difficult to call him Earl—would give us his book. It would outshine (and that is not disrespect) Mr. Wells's, and Mr. Sullivan's, and others to come. If the Earl ever writes his memoirs, Washington must figure very largely in them—or, at least, it should.

New Books.

THE DAY'S RATION.*

It is worthy of notice that within a few weeks of each other came the present moral restorative from J. M. Barrie and the final disappearance from public life of a source of moral infection. The terrible question that arises is whether the poison has gone beyond the power of any antidote. Matthew Arnold was fond of telling us that conduct is three-fourths of life. We need not dispute over the fraction: the fact is indisputable, and it applies to public as well as to private life. The last few terrible years, years of war and of peace, have seen something like a complete abdication of moral leadership here. No one wants a reign of cant, but we all long for a restoration of character. At present we are in the grip of material things. The material has us all in thrall, and success is measured by the champagne glass. On the very day when I write these lines the papers are printing in large head-lines full details of a great Society race-meeting, giving the numbers of dozens of champagne waiting on ice, the probable cost of the female garments worn, the huge prices paid for transport or accommodation, and so forth. The same papers, voicing the deep convictions of this chicken-fed, silk-clad, pleasure-hunting multitude, assure us that we are nationally bankrupt, too poor to pay for feeding our half-starved school children, and much too poor to pay for teachers to educate them. Education can't be measured by the champagne glass.

Let us turn for a change to the last lines of Barrie's address:

> "Mighty are the Universities of Scotland, and they will prevail. But even in your highest exultations never forget that they are not four but five. The greatest of them is the poor, proud homes you come out of, which said so long ago, 'There shall be education in this land.' She, not St. Andrews, is the oldest University in Scotland."

His theme was Courage—an immaterial thing, you see; not Success, not Attainment, but just Going-On; and I set beside it for your consideration the theme of another, a Member of Parliament, who in public meeting declared, "What is the use of giving everybody a good education? There can only be one Lord Chancellor."

Barrie's address was just the sort of speech we needed during the war, when we were all being disgraced by the hired claptrap of rascals. It is the sort of thing we need even more at the present moment; for our leadership needs Character and Courage, which is the expression of Character.

The address was delivered to the young, and to the young at a Scottish University. A young man may well learn Courage at a Scottish University; at an English University he seems more eager to learn Correctness. Correctness is a very good thing, but Courage is a better. When Mr. Valiant-for-Truth went down into the water that bounded his course in this world, he cried, "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" No doubt there were some on the banks who observed that a decent silence would have suited the occasion better, and that singing in the water simply wasn't done. Bunyan of course couldn't know that, for he was poor, and an Englishman. But of Mr. Valiant it is written, "So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

Well, the Rectorial eulogy of Courage is delivered, and it is dead, unless it lives in some young hearts. What are they going to do about it? Are they going to let us, their "betters," continue our spoiling of the world? Are they going to harden, too, into "betters," spending liberally on guns and poison gas and champagne and race-gowns, while the soldiers' children go bare and hungry and untaught? If we are poor, the more need for Courage. If a wretched world is to be put straight, it must be the courageous young who do it; and they will have to be very courageous indeed if they are to set stern faces against the clever ones who, by the Mercy of Allah, have profited. Still, what is there that Youth and Courage cannot do?

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "Courage." By J. M. Barrie. 2s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

BOOKS AND CHARACTERS.*

Most of these essays of Mr. Strachey's show him experimenting with the method which he brought to perfection in "Queen Victoria." It shows a lamentable poverty of memory, or of culture, in the ordinary reading public that Mr. Strachey's reconstructions of famous figures in social and literary history should have been greeted as an astonishing novelty. He simply adapted to his time and illuminated with his own individual irony the methods of Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold. Indeed, to mention these two names is to realise how thin a great deal of Mr. Strachey's criticism is. Sainte-Beuve and Arnold each had prejudices; but they avoided the cheaper score which Mr. Strachey did not disdain in the essay on Manning, in certain passages of "Gordon" and in much of "Queen Victoria." In this volume will be found some of his best and least malicious writing. His natural affinity with Voltaire makes the essays on that great man particularly good; and in the paper on Blake Mr. Strachey shows a surprising aptitude for an imaginative insight into a character which gives him no legitimate opportunities for satire or ridicule. There are absurd judgments in the essay—for instance, the sentence, "there is an even more serious objection to Blake's mysticism—and indeed to all mysticism: its lack of humanity"—which shows that Mr. Strachey is temperamentally incapable of understanding much of the most essential things in Blake's character or work; but the essay is invaluable as providing a sort of wordly-man's key to the poetry which is of all English poetry the most remote from the world of common sense and common use. Beside that fact, it is comparatively unimportant that Mr. Strachey cannot distinguish between the vehement

* "Books and Characters." By Lytton Strachey. 12s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Books and Habits." By Lafcadio Hearn. 8s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

humanity of all true mysticism, including Blake's, but apparently confuses it with the false mysticism of such poets as Shelley and Whitman. Blake properly read is as human in his ecstasy as is Charles Dickens in his.

The truth is that there are certain aspects of poetry with which Mr. Strachey cannot cope. The elaborate essay on "Shakespeare's Final Period" is little more than a long essay in misunderstanding of "The Tempest." To concentrate on Caliban as giving the meaning of "The Tempest" is as perverse, more perverse indeed, than it would be to find the meaning of "The Ring and the Book" in Guido rather than in Pompilia. It is just because that, in spite of Caliban, "The Tempest" leaves the reader with a sense of achieved resignation that we feel Shakespeare has not found something in life which he had not found when he wrote "Measure for Measure" or "Hamlet" or "King Lear":

"It is difficult to resist the conclusion that he was getting bored himself. Bored with people, bored with real life, bored with drama, bored, in fact, with everything except poetry and poetical dreams. He is no longer interested, one often feels, in what happens, or in who says what, so long as he can find place for a faultless lyric, or a new, unimagined rhythmical effect, or a grand and mystic speech. . . . Is it not thus, then, that we should imagine him in the last years of his life? Half enchanted by visions of beauty and loveliness, and half bored to death; on the one side inspired by a soaring fancy to the singing of ethereal songs, and on the other urged by a general disgust to burst occasionally through his torpor into bitter and violent speech? If we are to learn anything of his mind from his last works, it is surely this."

So Mr. Strachey sees Shakespeare, and I am sure that he will remain alone in his vision. It seems to me to have nothing to recommend it except a perverse ingenuity which is dissatisfied with any sharing of a too-popular opinion.

After the essays on Voltaire, the best are those on Racine, Rousseau and Sir Thomas Browne. The estimate of this last great author is full of fine and enthusiastic things finely said—the manner only occasionally spoiled by such phrases as "Methuselah . . . the remote, almost infinite, almost ridiculous patriarch." Mr. Strachey endeavours with a gallantry that I can only admire to revive the memory of Thomas Lovell Beddoes. Beddoes is one of those witty authors who are obscure enough to intrigue one in youth, and who on investigation prove to be almost everything except readable. Evidently Mr. Strachey has read him, and very significant things he finds in him; but I cannot believe that he will find many who will agree with him that these lines "evoke sensations of pure loveliness":

"So fair a creature! of such charms compact
As nature stints elsewhere; which you may find
Under the tender eyelid of a serpent,
Or in the gurge of a kiss-coloured rose,
By drops and sparks; but when she moves, you see
Like water from a crystal overfilled,
Fresh beauty tremble out of her and lave
Her fair sides to the ground."

How ugly are the hard "c" sounds in the first line! How unpleasant the "gurge" of the rose! how Cockney and Leigh Hunt-ish the "kiss-coloured"!

Most of the essays were written before 1914—some as long ago as 1905 or 1906; and oddly enough the two latest—notes on Mr. Creevey and Lady Hester Stanhope—which belong to 1919, are failures, almost parodies of Mr. Strachey's method. He would do well to return to the earlier mood of the papers on Voltaire and Racine, when he showed himself to be, if not reverent, at any rate respectful.

"Books and Habits" consists in the main of essays reprinted from larger volumes. The essays are those which Hearn delivered as lecturer at Tokyo and are full of sympathy for the literature he is analysing and of understanding of the audience which he is addressing. Hearn had as genuine a love of beauty in words as had Addington Symonds, and he had much of Symonds's generous enthusiasm and power of imparting and explaining his own zest. He had, too, a very happy capacity for finding the real merits in minor authors. The essays on Cory's "Ionica" and on "Amis and Anisle" are models of interpretation.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

THE LITTLE THINGS.

You will remember the story of the English visitor to a Calcutta jail who inquired why a certain prisoner was so sullen and morose, when all the others were civil and comparatively cheerful. "Oh, that man, sir," replied the head native warder, "is to be hanged tomorrow for murder. And he is innocent. And it makes him very peevish!"

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. J. S. Fletcher.**

Well, I have just been reading two books by Mr. J. S. Fletcher, and they have made me very peevish indeed. I am annoyed with Mr. Fletcher because he makes irritating blunders, and yet contrives to make his books so interesting that I have to read them from the first page to the last to see what really happens. For instance, in that clever story, "In the Mayor's Parlour,"* he remarks that the town of Hathelsborough has a population of about 7,000. Later on he says that the local newspaper, which is credited with a sale of about five thousand copies, doubles and then trebles its circulation. Presumably the populace became so excited by the murder and its consequences that men, women and children purchased at least two copies each *per diem*. Yet Hathelsborough was an old-fashioned place.

Again, in his book "In the Middle of Things,"† he allows important events to hang on the discovery that a piece of writing paper bears the *watermark* of a small local stationer. Unless the small local stationer was in the habit of ordering his paper by the ton, I should very much like to know how his name appeared on it as a watermark! These are instances: to them may be added a carelessness of phrasing and punctuation which makes one wish that the author would read his proofs more carefully.

It may be suggested that such small matters are unimportant if the story be good, but that is not really so. In the first place, as mere craftsmanship, if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing well. In the second place, a story which depends—as crime stories do—on its accuracy of detail should be written with meticulous care. And Mr. Fletcher's stories are worthy of such care, for he has a singular facility for devising not only clever plots but ingenious side-issues which can pleasantly bewilder even the most blasé novel reader. It may not seem important that a caretaker is referred to once as "sergeant-major" and in another place as "sergeant"; yet if the reader is to be impressed by the grave importance of details, he will not expect to find even such a trifling confusion unless it has a definite meaning.

I hope that the author, should he read my criticisms, will not regard them as cheap attempts to pick holes in his work. It is because I am impressed by his ingenuity and his power of sustaining the interest right through his stories that I should like to see him give those stories just that little extra revision in proof which is so wearisome to a tired writer, but which makes all the difference to the finished article.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

BUCHAN'S HISTORY OF THE WAR.‡

No history of the war in our language can for a moment compare with Mr. Buchan's magnificent synthesis and—with certain limitations—marvellously penetrative analysis of the greatest struggle ever recorded of mankind.

* "In the Mayor's Parlour." By J. S. Fletcher. 7s. 6d. (The Bodley Head.)

† "In the Middle of Things." By J. S. Fletcher. 7s. (Ward, Lock.)

‡ "A History of the Great War." By John Buchan. In four vols., each 25s. net. Vol. III. (Nelson.)

XUM

If it is those limitations which most forcibly strike the careful reader of this third volume, it is an instinctive tribute to Mr. Buchan's potentialities. They are not limitations consequent upon incapacity. They are deliberate abstentions on his part, in certain respects, from that constructive criticism which alone makes history valuable and which the public has a right to expect from a historian of his genius. They are all the more glaring by contrast with his masterly handling of all those phases of the war in which the responsibility of the British High Command by land and sea is not involved.

Mr. Buchan stated in his opening volume that he wrote his history primarily for the English-speaking peoples. This does not imply that the English-speaking peoples should now be lulled with those assurances that all was perfect in the best of possible worlds which were expedient while the struggle was in progress. It is of the highest and most immediate importance that the British Commonwealth of Nations shall rightly learn the lessons of the war. And there is no one more competent than Mr. Buchan, with his acute penetration of the problems of war, his powerful grasp of its basic principles and wide interreactions, his vivid and dignified narrative style, to bring them home to the consciousness of our race. They cannot be brought home if the tender susceptibilities of the Admiralty and the War Office are to be preferred to the education of the people.

This volume covers the period from the beginning of 1916 to October, 1917—a period in which the real brunt of the war fell upon Great Britain and which comprises the vital events of the Battle of Jutland, the Battle of the Somme and the Third Battle of Ypres. It is precisely in the handling of these events, and particularly in the two first, that Mr. Buchan has been less than true to himself. Where in this volume he is describing the operations of the French, the Italians, the Russians, or the Rumanians, he is at once the most acute, unbiased, candid and valuable of historians.

But his story of the Battle of Jutland is a piece of misty camouflage from which nothing emerges except a suspicion that it was written with an eye upon the goodwill of the Admiralty. The uncritical reader is left with the impression that at Jutland British sea-power performed all that was legitimately to be expected of it. Whereas it is a fact, notoriously well known in every country but our own, that at Jutland the British Navy, led by a commander too faithful to Admiralty instructions conceived in the spirit of Byng and Calder rather than of Nelson, missed the supreme opportunity of the war. The authorities furtively recognised this when they awarded Beatty double the grant received by his superior, Jellicoe, but they have been careful not to accentuate the significance of this to the public. If the new generation is to be brought up in the belief that Jutland was a satisfactory performance, that preservation of one's own forces takes precedence over the duty of annihilating the enemy, then, no matter what battle-monsters our technicians build for us, the day of our sea power is ended.

His treatment of the Battle of the Somme is similarly uncandid. He bolsters up the zealously propagated contemporary legend that the Somme was a victory achieved according to plan. It was nothing of the kind. After the initial failure of July 1st the British High Command felt its prestige so seriously involved that it continued the attack at all costs, regardless of the strategic scheme originally contemplated. Both French and British Governments were so dissatisfied that at the end of 1916 Haig's tenure of his command was in jeopardy. There are many lessons to be learned from the conduct of the Battle of the Somme. The English-speaking peoples purchased them with the flower of their manhood. They have now a right to know them.

Of the Passchendaele Battle Mr. Buchan gives a mere sketchy summary, again minimising the hopes with which it was fought, but he does admit that it was a costly failure.

Jutland, the Somme and Passchendaele—these are the three things that matter chiefly to us in the whole war, for it is on rightly interpreted failures that future successes are built—but for them Mr. Buchan's work is valueless, if not by its implications positively harmful. Those were the moments when the fighting *skill*—valour is not in dispute—of the British race was put to the supreme test, and nothing can eclipse their importance for us. For a general comprehension of the whole mighty drama of the war Mr. Buchan's history is still, as it has always been, *facile princeps*.

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

ON THE WESTERN CIRCUIT.*

The title of Mr. Salmon's itinerary may be taken as representative of the south-west region of England treated in the three books that lie before me. Each of them is a survey of certain portions of the West Country; between them they link up that wide tract starting from the gateway of the west, approximately a line running round from Bristol by way of Marlborough, Newbury, Basingstoke, Alton and Winchester to Southampton, and stretching ultimately to Land's End and the Scillies.

Mr. Salmon and Mr. Holmes approach their subjects from a different standpoint. While the latter sticks to

* "The Heart of the West." A Book of the West Country from Bristol to Land's End. By Arthur L. Salmon. With illustrations by Fred. Adcock. 8s. 6d. net. (Robert Scott.)—"Wanderings in Wessex." An Exploration of the Southern Realm from Itchen to Otter. By Edric Holmes. With drawings by M. M. Vigers and illustrations by the author. 8s. 6d. net. (Robert Scott.)—"Thomas Hardy's Dorset." By R. Thurston Hopkins. With illustrations by E. Harries and from photographs. 12s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer.)

Birthplace of Thomas Hardy, Upper Bockhampton

From "Thomas Hardy's Dorset" (Cecil Palmer).

Dorchester.

From "Wanderings in Wessex" (Robert Scott). Drawn by M. M. Vigers.

facts — historical, architectural and antiquarian — and has something to say about the most out-of-the-way villages, the former dwells upon only those places that call out his sympathetic understanding or provide sufficient reason for his poetic chronicles of their past. Mr. Salmon brings out the literary associations of the West Country with an attractive skill and judgment, though he might have mentioned the relation of Hardy's work with Boscastle and made more of Phillpotts's Dartmoor. His picturesque descriptive powers are shown at their best when he lingers in sentimental mood around dreamy cathedral closes like those of Bristol and Wells, in sleepy little villages or amid the brooding silence of moors. Specially commendable is his peroration on the strange neighbourhood of Land's End. Mr. Fred Adcock's illustrations contribute in no small degree to the entrancement of a well-considered topographical tour through "the Heart of the West."

In the company of Mr. Holmes we feel we go wayfaring with a traveller whose main pursuits are history, archæology and architecture. Of the atmosphere of place his record takes less account than Mr. Salmon's chronicle. The method, while useful, produces a sense of monotony in the long run. This want of liveliness is occasionally relieved by such full and intriguing passages as those dealing with Stonehenge and Salisbury Plain. Here Mr. Holmes, though examining the various interpretations of the Stonehenge temple with assiduous care, invests his survey with a certain amount of sentiment which is lacking elsewhere in the book. Now and then the author has managed to give an old-world fragrance to his pages, with a goodly sprinkling of quaint epitaphs and inscriptions. The drawings and illustrations, with the addition of helpful plans of Winchester and Salisbury Cathedrals, of Corfe Castle and Stonehenge, are all that could be desired. I should like to draw the author's attention to a minor slip. On page 127 Stainsford should be Stinsford. Both books are well provided with adequate maps and copious indexes.

Than Hardy's Dorset, or "Darset" according to local pronunciation, no region perhaps has been more exhaustively recorded. Personally, I can well understand the fascination it affords the explorer, as not long ago I made more than one fairly extensive jaunt through the Hardy country. Mr. Hopkins comes along as the latest chronicler of Dorset. Frankly one cannot pronounce the outcome of his peregrinations a completely successful piece of literary topography. Everything has been observed more from the author's personal angle than in relation to the Wessex novels. Hardy and his works serve but as a mere framework for Mr. Hopkins's somewhat inconsequent and haphazard method. Overlooking the ill-assorted arrangement, however, the volume supplies much wealth of material about dialect, customs, rustic character and habits of thought, the famous Dorchester ale and the equally noted Dorset inns.

Before taking stock of his qualities, it is necessary to point out Mr. Hopkins's shortcomings. First of all there are some regrettable slips, apparently due either to printer's errors or insufficient attention to proof-correcting. Wolverton should read Wolfeton; for Sir John Gage read Sir John Gale; for Thoreycombe Wood read Thorncombe Wood; for Struminster read Sturminster; for Hamworth read Hamworthy; and for Card Junction read Chard Junction. It is unfortunate to find a topographer's work suffer from occasional inaccuracies. I have caught Mr. Hopkins napping in one or two places. He is wrong in identifying one of the thatched cottages in Stinsford village as the house where lived Mop Ollamoor (not Ollamore, by the way), "the Fiddler of the Reels" in "Life's Little Ironies." Hardy's fictitious name of "Mellstock" includes several villages, hamlets and houses in the parish of Stinsford. Lower Bockhampton is one of them. The novelist clearly states that Mop's house was in "Lower Mellstock" (which has been accepted as approximately Lower Bockhampton), and that when Mop played the fiddle on his doorstep, Car'line Aspent, bewitched by the strains, paused on the Bockhampton bridge, "and languidly leaned over the parapet." No such bridge with a parapet exists at Stinsford. Having learnt that this was Ollamoor's supposed abode, I remember going expressly to see the long, low house, which also serves to represent the home of Farmer Shiner in "Under the Greenwood Tree." Again, Mr. Hopkins refers to the popular belief that the novelist is "of the same blood as Nelson's Hardy." But surely in a book of this importance such an interesting historical point might have been made clearer. In this connexion perhaps I may be allowed to quote the words of Mr. Samuel C. Chew in his recent study of Thomas Hardy, wherein he writes: "The statement, still often met with, that Nelson's flag-captain was an ancestor of the novelist, is incorrect; Captain Hardy belonged to another branch of the same stock."

Clovelly.

From "The Heart of the West" (Robert Scott). Drawn by Fredk. Adcock.

The space allotted by the author to an indefensible trespass into Devon, beyond the strict confines of his subject, would have been better used in repairing some unaccountable and grievous omissions. Why should an all-important town like Sherborne, with an abbey that can claim distinction as the finest architectural pile in all Dorset, have been left unexplored? Mr. Hopkins has nothing whatever to relate about Rainbarrow, a tumulus which figures prominently in "The Return of the Native"; of Bhompston Farm, or "Blooms-End," the Yeobrights' home; of Affpuddle Church, in which Clym and Eustacia were supposed to have been married; or of West Stafford Church, where Tess and Clare, we may take it, joined in wedlock. Kingston Maurward House is not mentioned, nor Frampton Church with its numerous memorials of the Sheridan family, of Sir Colquhoun Grant and Motley, nor yet the interesting manor, now farm-house, of Woodsford.

These defects notwithstanding, Mr. Hopkins has provided a delightful book. His itinerary is the result more of a desultory ramble than of a methodical track in the wake of the Wessex novels. I corroborate his impression of Bindon Abbey, with its effect of sinister gloom; it is just the place for grisly ghost stories. His account of the "Greyhound" Inn at Corfe is likewise vivid and true. A more charming village and inn it would be difficult to find in Dorset—or elsewhere.

XUM

If anyone thinks of going on a first visit down Dorset way he would doubtless find this book useful as an introduction to that region. Should a second edition be called for, it ought to be furnished with the necessary appendages of index and map. The chronicle has warmed the heart of one reader, at any rate, and brought back happy recollections of an ever-memorable sojourn in "Dorset Dear."

W. M. PARKER.

AN UNCOMMON LOT.*

There are several good craftsmen in literature who work without any vital inspiration, and Mr. Charles Marriott is one of them. If technique could make a masterpiece Marriott would be a classic. It is ungracious to demand from an able writer what he has not got; and it is pleasant to be able to say that Marriott's "An Order To View" is a much finer performance than its predecessor, "The Grave Impertinence." The central theme of it is the beautiful old house, Moorend. Exquisite, siren-like Beatrice Woodruff and her musician brother, Martin, are on the verge of exile from it, when James Wedmore, the successful architect, calls in with "an order to view." Wedmore's future father-in-law, Sir John Pumphrey, intends the house as a wedding gift for his daughter, Hilda.

Marriott conveys admirably the charm of the house and the appealing beauty of Beatrice, but he does not succeed—perhaps does not want to succeed—in making his book's predominant figure, Wedmore, attractive. The large-limbed, confident Hilda takes one by storm—as she took Martin Woodruff by storm while Wedmore was sublimely unconscious of losing his fiancée's love. Marriott, again, employs very subtle art in suggesting how Beatrice Woodruff obsesses Wedmore's heart and soul. One of the most successful figures in the book is breezy, vulgar, swaggering, good-natured Sir John Pumphrey who, Philistine though he is, enthusiastically backs Martin Woodruff's ambitious symphony composed around the bells of St. Michael's—which is the sub-motive of the book. Hilda elopes with Martin because she has a need for protecting him; and clumsy Wedmore annexes the evasive Beatrice in the most matter-of-fact way in the world. Perhaps the most dramatic chapter in the book is that in which Pumphrey is beaten in his bid for Moorend; the old house is a genuine creation, full of character.

It took Mr. Compton Mackenzie a long time to get out of "Sinister Street," but he has left it entirely behind in "The Altar Steps." A fair number of novels have been written about Ritualism and the High Church party. It has been left to Compton Mackenzie to write a novel which is all ritualism, and it is questionable whether the book will interest others than the clergy of the Church of England and Anglo-Catholic devotees. The book at any rate will create controversy. It is difficult for such a novelist to entirely eliminate worldly interests. There are fragments of the unregenerate Mackenzie in the story of Mark Lidderdale's childhood and its hark-back to the marriage of his ascetic father, the Reverend James Lidderdale, to a handsome, passionate Cornish woman. The Reverend James, however, was celibate in soul, and eventually left his wife and child to die a martyr's death on a foreign mission. There is another hint of the early Mackenzie in a curiously melodramatic scene between a wicked squire, Will Scarlett, and a girl friend of Mark Lidderdale, Esther Ogilvie, destined for a nunnery, in which episode the blasphemous lover comes to almost ludicrous destruction.

The whole intention of the book is to reveal the progress of the soul of a boy towards the religious life. Practically all the characters in the book are curates, vicars, rectors, quasi-monks and bishops. The delineations are so well done that they resemble life; but the author declares there is only one genuine portrait in the book—a boisterous, spiritual priest, who is evidently the late Father Dolling of Portsmouth and Holborn. "The Altar Steps" is also announced as a prelude to "The Parson's Progress"—which is quite obviously towards Rome.

There is a promise of optimism and gaiety in Johan Bojer's simply-written novel, "Life," which is by no means fulfilled. It would seem that the shadow of Ibsen lingers over Scandinavia and that Norway and Sweden are peopled by disappointed professors, blasé sportsmen and introspective women. At the same time one has to thank a great novelist for his sparkling pictures of the externals of life in a country whose climate has the sting of perfect health. When the story begins there is an indication that Dr. Holth, one of the unfortunate men who have just failed to become professors, is its central figure, but the interest quickly switches round to Reidar Bang, the well-to-do son of a wealthy general. Holth, however, has his use—as a foil to Reidar. Both men—the married, harassed, poverty-stricken doctor and the robust, sporting bachelor—have a passion for the same girl, golden-haired Astrid Riis, the only daughter of an embittered captain, who has grave reason for hatred of Reidar's father. The chapters dealing with snow sports in the mountains have a superficial joy, but one feels that the Snow Queen is Fata Morgana. Astrid, much against her will, is attracted strongly by Reidar, and finds a more peaceful companion in Dr. Holth. Her life, with occasional interludes, is one of dire poverty and the tyranny of a selfish father. For a time Reidar fears to approach her. She thinks of him when she is with Holth and exchanges one image for the other. In such a state of self-illusion she permits Holth to possess her, and discovers her terrible mistake immediately afterwards. She dismisses Holth from her life and Reidar comes into it again. He carries her to his father's home and marries her off-hand. Astrid dares not tell him what has happened to her. Her mother had been guilty of an infidelity and had died of it. She feels that death is the only way out of her sin, and sails out to the deep sea. For sheer narrative this is the best thing Johan Bojer has done. The book, one may add, has minor intrigues. Perhaps its most tragic figure is not Astrid, but her shabby old father, Captain Riis.

Mr. Beverley Nichols has been good enough to give his public in Oxford and elsewhere a slight variant of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair"; but he has made his Nancy descend to depths which Thackeray only hinted at with his Becky. Miss Nancy Worth is a thoroughly vicious and unprincipled heroine, living flagrantly up to her "shock of red hair, her pale and remarkably intelligent face, and large green eyes." We are introduced to her on leaving the Misses Perrings' Seminary for Young Ladies, along with her Amelia-like friend, Helen Travers. Previous to becoming a teacher at that respectable establishment Nancy had seen the scabrous side of London, mainly at the Café Racine, with an unvenerable father. After the Perrings Miss Nancy found her first harbourage as governess to the uninteresting children of the Reverend and Mrs. Malcolm Jackson. She had a comfortable time and was much liked by the unsuspecting couple, especially by the Reverend Malcolm, who loved beauty and the pleasures of the table. She blackmailed the unlucky cleric and went into a Bayswater boarding-house. Tired of its gentility she harked back to the Café Racine and had a red-hot love affair with a disreputable person called Bill James. Then she decided on marriage with Helen's brother Walter, and achieved it. On armistice night she went wrong again, breaking away from Walter and happening upon Bill. She also stole a pearl necklace from a lady in the crowd. Walter suspected nothing when she got home. Nancy's downfall was brought about by her inordinate love for jewels and a compromising visit to a millionaire connoisseur, Otto Kraft. Her exposure was hastened by letters from the Reverend Malcolm. Mr. Nichols attempts a scene like unto the famous one between Rawdon Crawley and his Becky after Waterloo. Then Nancy goes back

* "An Order To View." By Charles Marriott. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"The Altar Steps." By Compton Mackenzie. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)—"Life." By Johan Bojer. 7s. 6d. (Gyldendal.)—"Self." By Beverley Nichols. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

to her congenial mate, Bill James, with whom she is likely to be unhappy—but not ever afterwards, for Nancy is just as callous as Bill.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

A LEGAL ADVISER.

It is something of a portent to find a lawyer overstepping the six-and-eightpenny limit and scattering wholesome advice broadcast. To be sure, in the book before us, it is the man and not the lawyer who writes. Yet Lord Riddell* cannot quite lay aside his legal bias when he turns from his clients to the general public and sets forth his views on the more or less intellectual aspects of life. Long training in dealing with affairs from a professional standpoint inevitably leaves its mark on the attitude adopted towards things that matter. So we are not surprised to find a certain precision and definiteness in these pages even when the author is dealing with subjects of wide generality and popular appeal. There is a pleasing air of freedom from conventionality, but the hard facts of logic are never far from the surface, and give firmness and coherence to the whole.

Lord Riddell.

The book falls comfortably into two parts of rather unequal general interest. The first appeals to the plain man, the man in the market place, the man with wide general interests. In the second part the author betrays his legal training, and gently glides into a treatment of legal thinking and the laws of evidence, ending with a definite treatment of certain legal principles. This introduction of the special into the general is no doubt justified by the legal fiction that we all know the law of the land. If we do not, then Lord Riddell may reasonably argue that there is all the more need for his final chapters. But he does not rely entirely upon the intrinsic value of the legal knowledge he communicates. He believes that an examination of the methods used in the courts forms in itself a highly educative exercise. It is here that he comes up against the doctrine of "formal training" that used to command respect among educational people, but has now fallen upon evil days. Yet there is enough truth left in the discredited theory to warrant our author in following Lord Morley in maintaining that a man trained in the methods of the courts has acquired a power of clear thinking that may be applied to the ordinary affairs of life. In any case the legal subject-matter of this book is of value in itself and is used with consummate skill as illustrative material.

The early chapters fully justify the title of the book; they deal with things that really matter. Concentration, observation and interest are at the root of all forms of success. Some people are inclined to object that these three are the data of the problem and cannot be modified by any advice to be found in a book, however brilliantly written. But it will not be denied that the more we know about our data the more likely we are to use them wisely, and this book both by direct exposition and by remarkably copious and attractive illustration adds materially to our knowledge. About observation, for example, there are many fallacies, none more dangerous than that which regards it as a sort of gaping, a process by which the subject tries to keep all his senses on the alert at the same time, so as to take in all the impressions that demand admission to the soul. Lord Riddell realises this danger and makes it clear that observation necessarily implies certain restrictions of the area of attention. The successful observer is he who knows which avenues to close and which to leave open.

When the book deals with reading there is a refreshing novelty about the recommendations. As a concession to what is expected in works of this kind there is a list of books that ought to be read. It will probably please nobody, since in a list of this size it is impossible to get in enough books to meet all the idiosyncrasies of individual readers. It is evident that Lord Riddell does not himself attach too much importance to typical lists of this kind, for he gives a remarkable little list of his own as the one that suggested itself to him when he first considered the matter. It reads almost like a desert-island reading catalogue: "The first chapter of Anson on 'Contracts' and Pollock on 'Torts,' the first sixty-three pages of Best on 'Evidence,' Shakespeare, and an anthology of English verse." It is not originality that is lacking in Lord Riddell's make-up.

Professional teachers will endorse what is here said about rapid reading, but they will hardly agree with the recommendation of "books about books." The tendency in schools is all the other way. We are more and more directing pupils to the big authors themselves, and away from expository books about them. Lord Riddell's notes on public speaking are excellent and rouse a sympathetic chord; the reader fervently prays that they may come under the notice of certain public speakers that stand desperately in need of them. Readers will approve the Chatham recommendation of acquiring fluency by translation at sight, but teachers at any rate will hardly agree with Archbishop Magee when he recommends paraphrasing English writers to attain this end.

Two admirable chapters are "The Use of the Dictionary" and "How to Find Things Out." The latter is of first-rate importance as indicating the attitude we should adopt with regard to premises. What makes logic intensely unpopular with the plain man is the contemptuous aloofness it assumes towards the duty of providing *material* for thought. "Give me the premises," it says, "and I shall grind out unerring conclusions," but the practical man is mainly concerned with how to *find* suitable premises. This intensely interesting and stimulating volume recognises throughout the value of subject-matter. Lord Riddell carries his readers enthusiastically with him in his lusty tally ho! in the hunt for logical premises.

JOHN ADAMS.

* "Some Things That Matter." By Lord Riddell. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

PAST AND PRESENT.*

Forsaking (one hopes only temporarily) his familiar Dartmoor, Mr. Eden Phillpotts has in his newest book, "Pan and the Twins," broken entirely fresh ground. This time his scenes are laid amid the slopes of the Alban Hills, where nightingales sing and Pan and his horned and hoofed comrades rustle among the cypress and myrtle. The action is cast in the distant period bounded by Julian and Theodosius, and thus revolves round the Roman Empire in decay.

The world was young then, and strange things occurred. Yet, there are little incident and no breathless shocks to move the reader, for, and as is his custom, Mr. Phillpotts rates character drawing and description higher than mere happenings. His Twins, Arcadius and Hilarion, are a pleasant plutocrat (perilously near what would now be dubbed a "profiteer") and an unconscious pagan who endeavours to be a hermit. As this latter is utterly unsuited to such a career (which demands special qualities of its practitioners) the effort is not a successful one. The

* "Pan and the Twins." By Eden Phillpotts. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)—"The Lonely Unicorn." By Alec Waugh. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

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trouble is, Hilarion has an analytical mind and a gift of synthesis. This sort of thing is fatal to real efficiency as a professional anchorite. Still, all ends well, for—thanks to the good offices of his fellow Twin, assisted by Pan himself—he eventually finds the bonds of matrimony preferable to self-imposed solitude. Woman exercises her immemorial appeal; and the young Hilarion—following the example of the worldly Arcadius—succumbs to the snare. He seems, however, to be a willing enough victim.

The book is in no sense a deep one. On the contrary, it is a light and pleasant satire, with some shrewd hits at accepted conventions, and written with all Mr. Phillpotts's care for good English and feeling for style. The author probably enjoyed writing it.

Mr. Alec Waugh, although still a very young man, is rapidly amassing a substantial list of volumes to his name. "The Lonely Unicorn" is his sixth book and his third novel. Incidentally, it is the best of them, so far as go technique and power of expression. It is vivid and tense and quick moving, and peopled with characters that suggest human beings.

All novels—particularly those of young writers—are more or less autobiographical. The oddly named "Lonely Unicorn" appears to be rather more so than otherwise, and markedly in the earlier portions which centre round public school life. This of course is Mr. Waugh's special subject; and, as might be expected, he has some severe tilts at the "system." Since these school scenes are laid in Dorsetshire, it is not difficult to cross the "t's" and dot the "i's" of the suppositious "Fernhurst." When the action shifts to the realms of commerce the author is less sure of his ground. Certainly, a business conducted on the remarkable lines of Marston & Co. would very soon be in the unsympathetic hands of a receiver for the debenture holders.

Ronald Whately, the protagonist—it is impossible to call him the "hero"—of Mr. Waugh's tale would be dubbed a "waster" by the ordinary healthy-minded individual. Calling him a "Lonely Unicorn" does not invest him with agreeable qualities. Thus, after being to all intents and purposes expelled from school for precocious love-making and generally squandering his time and abilities, he embarks upon a mingled career of cricket and commerce. While thus engaged, he callously jilts a girl who is a great deal too good for him, and, after an interval of philandering with various lights o' love in Brussels, ends up by marrying his employer's daughter. Thereupon, his employer, who conveniently happens to be a cricketing enthusiast, is so delighted that he promptly takes him into partnership.

All this is told with some power of description, and, for the most part, in good English. Mr. Waugh, however, would do well to remember that there is a shorter and better word than "anacoluthon."

By the way, the publisher's "jacket" strikes a new note. It rather suggests the design of a Futurist not yet fully recovered from jazz-shock.

HORACE WYNDHAM.

MORE TRIVIA.*

A little book made up of brilliant exclamations about life, mingled with humorous pictures of our social existence in this ridiculous world. Mr. Pearsall Smith is numbered among the wistful company of those who find it hard to come to terms with Reality. Says one of his characters:

"I can never catch the moment as it passes. I am always far ahead, or far away behind, and always somewhere else. . . . And why should I go to the party? I shouldn't be there, either, if I went."

In Sloane Street, walking—"I begin to see moon-faces more alluring than any I see in that thoroughfare." "My clothes"—there is a sigh elsewhere—"keep my various selves buttoned up together." On the other hand our author often gives way to a joyous *naïveté*:

"I was late for my breakfast this morning, for I had been delayed in my heavenly hot bath by the thought of all the other Earnest Thinkers, who at that very moment—I had good reason to believe it—were blissfully soaking the time away in hot baths all over London."

We like much the people we meet in these brief essays. Here is a group at the country garden party:

"Now that fat lady over there in purple—do you see her? Mrs. Turnbull—she believes in Hell, believes in Eternal Torment. And that old gentleman with whiskers and white spats—Colonel Bosco—is convinced that England is tottering on the very brink of the Abyss. And that pie-face lady he is talking to, Miss Stuart-Jones, was, she says, Mary Queen of Scots in a previous existence."

What makes the book significant is not its airy smartness, its cunning nonsense. It is more than smart, more than amusing. It lays bare some of the myriad strands that make up a sensitive and artistic soul. Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith speaks of this frankly in the fragment headed "The Concerto":

"Immediately I found myself again in the dock; and again the trial began, that ever-recurring criminal Action in which I am both Judge and culprit, all the jury, and the advocate on either side."

* "More Trivia." By Logan Pearsall Smith. 6s. (Constable.)

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.*

It seems inevitable in these days that every person who has taken some part in recent public affairs should write his memoirs. The epidemic has raged as furiously in Germany as in this country, and the politicians and generals there, having stated their cases, are now followed by the ex-Crown Prince. It may be granted at once that he presents a very successful apologia. No one during the war was such a victim of malignant and unworthy misrepresentation as he. He was the main target of the hysterical propagandists who with a beautiful unity pictured him at one and the same time as an abnormal decadent, a seducer of women, a thief ever in search of loot, and "the Laughing Murderer of Verdun" in his capacity of a commanding officer. To sane minds these accusations were out of all proportion to the importance of their object, for the Crown Prince was never of much importance, and he was ignored by the ruling men in Germany, as his own book shows.

The Crown Prince of Germany had many faults, as he himself demonstrates. He was egotistical, frivolous and lacking in the sense of dignity due to his high position. But on the other hand he was genial and accessible to all, a very good sportsman (in both the actual and temperamental sense of the word), a loving husband and father, and his soldiers were devoted to him to the bitter end, according to his own account, which there seems no reason to doubt. Also his relations with his mother were fine and beautiful. He says:

"As far back as I can remember, the centre of our existence has been our dearly-loved mother. She has radiated a love which has warmed and comforted us. Whatever joy or sorrow moved us, she always had understanding and sympathy for it. . . . In many a difficulty that has arisen in the course of years between my father and myself, she has mediated with a calming, smoothing and adjusting hand. . . ."

Between the Kaiser and his sons there was of course never this same affection and confidence:

"He was always friendly and, in his way, loving towards us; but by the nature of things, he had none too much time to devote to us. As a consequence, in reviewing our early childhood, I can discover scarcely a scene in which he joins in our childish games with unconstrained mirth or happy abandon. . . . It seems to me as though he were unable so to divest himself of the dignity and superiority of the mature adult man as to enable him to be properly young with us little fellows. Hence, in his presence, we always retained a certain embarrassment, and the occasional laxity of tone and expression adopted in moments of good-humour, with the manifest purpose of gaining our confidence, rather tended to abash us."

The Crown Prince is critical of his father on many points, and the two were not in accord on personal questions of ceremony. The son advances the theory that under the

* "Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany." 21s. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

mask of monarchy the Kaiser was by nature simple in his character, and that he was the victim of his inheritance. He also protests his belief in the moral purity of his father in a passing reference to the Eulenburg scandals of 1907. In the same year came the great storm in the Reichstag concerning the famous "interview" with the Kaiser which appeared in *The Daily Telegraph*. (This was not "written up," as stated in the book, by Mr. Harold Spender.) From this date the Kaiser's character changed. For twenty years he had imagined himself an ideal ruler and the idol of his people. His eyes were now opened, and he realised he had become the object of amazing suspicions and that his imperial ways found no approval. His deistic telegrams ceased to flutter the Chancellories of Europe, and the mailed fist remained quiescent with the rest of the shining armour. He became reserved and vacillating. The latter failing is well illustrated in one of the most vivid pictures in the Crown Prince's book—the last scene at Spa when, with grey and twitching face, the Kaiser was faced with the demand for his abdication from Berlin. At first he vowed he would only resign the Imperial dignity and that he would ever remain King of Prussia and stay with his army. But "swearing he would ne'er consent, consented"—and the Kaiser fled to Holland. The Crown Prince does not approve of his father's action at this juncture, but he felt constrained to follow the same road two days later. Whether they were right or wrong does not much matter now. For the sake of their historical reputations it would have been more gallant to have stayed with their brave and sorely stricken troops—the victims of Imperialism—and faced capture and, possibly, death; but no doubt the residue of life has a stronger call in such emergencies than posthumous glory.

Many other scenes of interest occur in the Crown Prince's book. He draws a very acute and accurate portrait study of his grand-uncle, King Edward VII. He is critical of the German Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, whom he frankly disliked, and to General von Moltke he ascribes the loss of the Battle of the Marne. Finally, he is not without a saving sense of humour, for in his miserable and lonely exile, amid the storms and mists of the island of Wieringen, he can write of his visit to the dentist on the mainland:

> "I could never have believed it possible for anyone to enjoy so much the modest little pleasures a dentist can provide with all his small instruments of torture. I felt thoroughly comfortable as I leaned back in his swivel chair—a rather different kind of furniture from our Wieringen appointments."

This book will certainly conduce to a more favourable appreciation of the Prince's nature and character.

S. M. ELLIS.

THE LIFE FORCE.*

It is really a great feat for Mr. Page to have set forth in about 15,000 words what his publisher declares to be "that synthesis and explanation of the universe for which the intelligent moderns have been earnestly seeking for the last ten years." "This synthesis," he continues, "is a religion, because by it those intelligent moderns can direct their activities and regulate and broaden their lives." And again: "it does not go one step beyond human knowledge and human experience, spiritual and practical, as they stand to-day."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. R. Edison Page.**

Matter, says Mr. Page, is force-filled space. All that man knows or has ever known is the forces. Man, the Life Force at its highest and most powerful, is obtaining the mastery of the other forces more and more quickly, and the end will be complete freedom for *all* the forces. This seems slightly contradictory, but satisfying.

The Life Force is the greatest of all the forces, and man is the finest vehicle the Life Force has up to now created for itself. Mr. Page does not, unfortunately for the inquiring reader, supply any definite definition of the Life Force, which leaves something a little blurred in his statement of this religion. To say that "the Life Force is the maker of the world we know; and we are the Life Force," really gets us nowhere. Then we are told that "you must realise that your body is the vehicle of that vortex of the Life Force which is yourself," i.e. you must be clearly and constantly aware of it. And how do we realise? Realisation comes of affirmation. "Affirm in thought; affirm in word." Stand in front of a mirror in the morning and at night and as often as you can during the day, look yourself in the eyes, and talk to yourself firmly and clearly and aloud about the things you desire . . . and you will presently find that you are getting your desire.

This is simply "what I tell myself three times is true." Now there is notoriously a great deal of value in self-suggestion, and it is the basis of many modern theories and schemes and systems of training people to be successful, to be healthy, and so on. But frankly this little book contains too little clear statement, too much loose thinking and too much assumption to be regarded as adding anything solid or practical to what is already current of the same kind.

F. M. A.

* "The Religion of the Life Force." By R. Edison Page. 3s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

GENERALLY CONVENTIONAL.*

The Victorian novel, as the Victorian age, must have been more prodigious than many of the wise little people of nowadays appear to think, for its progeny are innumerable. Not many institutions, human or otherwise, could have such frequent and vigorous offspring and not have been something fine. Here are proofs positive. Two of these three novels are as like as two peas to the habitual fiction of a generation ago.

Mr. Maxwell, a child of that age, has provided the exception, for in "Spinster of this Parish" he trumpets a challenge, rather more boldly than would have been acceptable to the period that wore mutton-chops and mutches, as his heroine successfully braves the demnition of the limited and goes frankly to her man, although and because he has the disadvantage of suffering a mad wife, shut away as incurably insane, and is through the folly and narrowness of our laws not to be divorced. The first part of his story is stirring and in its ironical suggestion delicious, inasmuch as Emmeline Verinder, the staid spinster, the recluse of a maisonnette, with her pussy and her parrot, and everything as prim and tidy as a new pin, is in fact not only a successfully revolted daughter, but has marched through the primitive tracks of the Andes and killed a man in fight. Until the end of that escapade the story marches with such zest that the rest of the novel is somewhat anticlimactic, for although Emmeline is still the true mate of Anthony Dyke, the explorer, and living to help and champion him, she is stay-at-home, and the interest of the story becomes stay-at-home too.

We pass to novels built on the established model. This is not to be regarded as necessarily uncomplimentary, at least in the case of Mr. Warwick Deeping's "Orchards"; for, judged in the light of modern partialities, he has done a brave thing in writing a romance of the Great Rebellion, and certainly an admirable thing by doing it so artistically.

* "Spinster of this Parish." By W. B. Maxwell. 7s. 6d. (Butterworth.)—"Orchards." By Warwick Deeping. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)—"Many Altars." By Maud I. Nisbet. 7s. (Long.)

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Except that the diction is unduly modern—an infinitely better fault than the Halidom and Gadzooks tripe—he paints his period with consistency and truth enough. Sir Richard Falconer belongs to the outwardly poor, inwardly splendid pattern. Through a tangle the lame little man comes to marry Rachel Charney, who is pretty well as wild a vixen as ever grew up in a masculine environment. Richard takes her to his home, and though loving her with brooding devotion gives himself no chance of winning her through his merely distant attentions; with the result that after a while she returns to her father's house and becomes the noticeable mistress of Nigel Windebank. Of course such sacrifice is not to be for ever. The rebellion breaks out. Falconer becomes a loyalist officer and proves himself a man and warrior of success and heart; whereas his supplanter, in the stress of affairs, is shown to be selfish, a poltroon, a traitor. So Richard wins back Rachel; but, unfortunately for the appeal of the story, the reader cannot feel the necessary sympathy for the lady, because she was so blind to the character of the scoundrel to whom she gave herself. Windebank was too mean and sorry a creature for the sweet intimacy of any woman worth while. In truth, "Orchards" deserves success, and I hope it will find it. It is refreshing to discover such conscience and art in a form of fiction more often than not worn to rags and drivel by the incompetent.

"Many Altars" is old-fashioned. To think of it! back in the aftermath of the Transvaal War, with Boers, kraals, doppers, kopjes, sjamboks, stoeps, and everything else which was almost second literary nature to those of us who read and reviewed many books in that stale and venerable period. Miss Nisbet has qualities. She is lucid, she tells a story; and although her plot—yes, in this case we can use that word—is mechanical, it moves on wheels well oiled along the ordered ways, and should interest the unsophisticated who do not know too familiarly the fiction of the yesteryears. Lo, the artist hero, struck down and blinded by a highway robber on the illimitable veldt for the sake of the secret of a gold-digging, is taken into the home of the misdoer and nursed to new happiness by Myra, the uglier of two sisters. Maurice Vernor is the sort of artist who believes that the good must be beautiful, so therefore, when his sight is restored and he sees that Myra, whom meanwhile he has married, is physically ugly, he turns from her to philander with Aura, her beautiful sister; but we need not recapitulate the deftly elaborate plot. Miss Nisbet knows South Africa and uses her local colour well—sometimes too well, as on the journey to the gold-mine she delays the action in order to describe.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

THE UNCOLLECTED POETRY AND PROSE OF WALT WHITMAN.*

The world owes these volumes to the devotion of Professor Emory Holloway, of America, to the memory of the "good gray poet," though that virile genius would have regarded their emergence with uncomfortable feelings. It will be remembered that toward the end of his life, and under the haunting memory of a long and painful literary apprenticeship, Whitman prepared those editions of "Leaves of Grass" and "Prose" which he expressly labelled "Complete." The inference is plain enough. And Mr. Holloway, at the last, would seem to have sensed as it were a turning in the grave at Camden, for he prefixes to the collection, by way of motto, Whitman's own word for it as "A vast batch left to oblivion." Old John Marston's pathetic apostrophe comes unbidden to the mind, "Hungry Oblivion, devour me quick!"—but nowadays the monster is not as hungry as it was, or is not as quick in snapping up its prey, or its fangs are become loose in the sockets.

It is not to be gainsaid that these volumes *have* a value of their own. And I will dare even to suppose that medical science a century ago *did* in some way profit from the nefarious doings of the Resurrection-men. These books at any rate are valuable as documents, and whenever Literature has to do with a genius of Whitman's calibre and ranging influence, its professors cannot be documented too generously. Yet documents, as such, are notoriously of limited appeal, and the reader who reads for the sheer pleasure of reading, and not because he is a specialist, is more than likely to remain unaware of Mr. Holloway's wonderful achievement. For it *is* a wonderful achievement. The industry and patience and zealous care that has gone to the salvaging a score of poems and many score of prose pieces contributed to defunct and forgotten newspapers, is something to wonder at. The introductory essays, biographical and critical, are scholarly and revealing, and the notes and index would probably have satisfied Dr. Birkbeck Hill—there can be no higher praise. Whitman's every passing allusion, seemingly, has been noted, even where identity has foiled research. Yet none of these excellences will weigh with lovers of the real Whitman, nor lessen their thankfulness that it is now too late in the day for accident or indiscretion to jeopardise his title to fame—for these books are of the kind that need to be *lived down*. Walt somewhere exclaims, with suitable earnestness, "Let him who is without my poems be assassinated." One may judge with what energy he would have varied the malison to meet new cases—that of the dragging forth of "a vast batch left to oblivion," for instance.

The poems here garnered are all of them quite negligible, and without interest, excepting a few experimental versions of familiar passages. Of the prose, one can only say that much of it is interesting as being Whitman's, that more of it is inferior provincial journalism, and that all of it is amateurish and uninspired. It is the bread-and-cheese work of a young, hard-driven journalist, and it is unfair to lay it at this date publicly to the charge of the great writer who bequeathed to America and the world the noble legacy of those two volumes of 1892.

A considerable part of the second volume is given up to the egregious "Franklin Evans; or The Inebriate"—a piece of temperance propaganda of the yellowest description, which winds up with a threat of more if the story "meets with that favour which writers are perhaps too fond of relying on." However, the gods were kind! "Brooklyniana," a series of thirty-nine articles dealing with the history and traditions of Brooklyn and its neighbourhood, is full of local lore and gossip put down "for the benefit of future readers (if we ever get them)." As for the youthful Whitman's critical quality, it may be gauged from his dismissal of Cowper as a preacher of the divine right of kings; his verdict on Bryant as "one of the best poets in the world"; on Martin Farquhar Tupper as "one of the rare men of the time"; and on Doctor Johnson, that he was "a burly aristocrat," and "a sour, malicious, egotistical man . . . a sycophant of power and rank . . . his soul was a bad one." Alas, Great Cham! All the more then must be accounted to him for righteousness his opinion that "'Biographia Literaria' will reach the deepest thoughts of the choice few among readers who can appreciate the fascinating subtleties of Coleridge"; and his vigorous defence of Dickens against a rancorous attack by the *Washington Globe* at the time of the English novelist's first visit to America. And, coming to the extracts which the editor gives us from Whitman's reviews of Carlyle's "Heroes," "French Revolution," and "Past and Present," one is almost aggrieved at the smallness of the tonic dose, and is fain to take down from the shelf the "Specimen Days" and be moved once again by that splendid éloge of February 10th, 1881:

"The planet Venus, an hour high in the west, with all her volume and lustre recovered (she has been shorn and languid for nearly a year), including an additional sentiment I never noticed before—not merely voluptuous, Paphian, steeping, fascinating—now with calm commanding seriousness and hauteur—the Milo Venus now. Upward to the zenith, Jupiter, Saturn, and the moon past her quarter, trailing in procession,

* "The Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman." 2 vols. 30s. net. (Heinemann.)

with the Pleiades following, and the constellation Taurus, and red Aldebaran. Not a cloud in heaven. Orion strode through the south-east, with his glittering belt—and a trifle below hung the sun of the night, Sirius. Every star dilated, more vitreous, nearer than usual. . . . Berenice's hair showing every gem, and new ones. To the north-east and north the Sickle, the Goat and kids, Cassiopea, Castor and Pollux, and the two Dippers. While through the whole of this silent indescribable show, inclosing and bathing my whole receptivity, ran the thought of Carlyle dying."

F. C. OWLETT.

MR. MENCKEN ALMOST POLITE.*

For those who have reason to dislike the prospect of Mr. Mencken's prestige extending to England, his two volumes of "Prejudices," being unorthodox in style as well as in outlook, gave an excellent opening for sneers and belittlement. Naturally the very most was made of his off-moments, especially when it was discovered that at one point Mr. Bernard Shaw is called an Irishman where Celt is intended—plainly by a slip of the pen, though this was studiously ignored. Indeed, whole columns of denunciation were based on that single inconsistency!

A recent philological study of his has shown that Mr. Mencken is after all something of a scholar, and it is followed by "A Book of Prefaces" in which, by comparison with "Prejudices," he is almost polite! What attitude his antagonists will now be forced into by the pressure of ordinary decent opinion (a certain result of this new volume) I, for one, shall be interested to discover, especially as Mr. Mencken intends to take a personal trip into the enemy camp during the coming summer. By then, however, a third series of "Prejudices" may be out, and as the author himself assures me that it is sure to be a return to the manner of the earlier books, the critical intelligentsia of England will probably copy the uncritical intelligentsia of Arkansas and petition Parliament to have him deported from the country! How far personal fear will go can never be estimated beforehand.

Comparatively immune though the new volume is from the particular features which caused such pain in the body academic, its nature is just as stimulating; and, let it be added, just as aggravating in its relative politeness, for although English critics do not hesitate to say adverse things themselves about our leading authors they are sure to resent one whom they regard as an outsider talking about "the hysterical splutterings and battle-cries of the Kiplings and Chestertons, the booming pedagogics of the Wellses and Shaws and the smirking at keyholes of the Bennetts. . . ." And they will doubtless begin to splutter when they learn that this island possesses the best *second-rate* novelists in the world:

"Nowhere else is the general level of novel-writing so high; nowhere else is there a corps of journeyman novelists comparable to . . . Walpole, Beresford, George, Galsworthy, . . . Miss Sinclair, Hewlett, and company. Even the least of them is a more competent artisan than, say, Dickens. . . . But the literary *grande passion* is simply not in them. They get nowhere with their suave and interminable volumes. Their view of the world and its wonders is narrow and superficial. They are, at bottom, no more than clever mechanicians."

Yes, it may as well be admitted frankly, Mr. Mencken cannot resist laying about him with bladder and slapstick. "A Book of Prefaces" is a collection of four longish studies dealing with Mr. Conrad, Mr. Theodore Dreiser, the late James Huneker, and Puritanism as a Literary Force. At least these are ostensibly his subjects, though not even in the beautiful tribute to his old colleague Huneker does he restrict himself to appreciation; and yet whenever he launches out it is simply to accentuate a serious conclusion reached in what is generally as restrained an argument as the most circumspect reader could wish for. There is hardly need to draw attention to Mr. Mencken as an essayist in constructive appreciation; even among his least polite negatives may be discovered many a generous and enthusiastic passage of praise. Some folk still refuse to admit in him the possession of critical insight. The following passage from the essay on Conrad may help them at least to qualify that refusal:

"'Youth': a tale of the spirit's triumph, of youth besting destiny? I do not see it so. To me its significance, like that of 'The Shadow Line,' is all subjective; it is an ageing man's elegy upon the hope and high resolution that the years have blown away, a sentimental reminiscence of what the enigmatical gods have had their jest with, leaving only its gallant memory behind. The whole Conradean system sums itself up in the title of 'Victory,' an incomparable piece of irony."

When James Huneker died he was just beginning to be known and appreciated (though not by all who knew him) in this country. Those who found pleasure in the work of a very lovable fellow will be glad of Mr. Mencken's full-length portrait of him, "picturesque and rakish, a believer in joy and beauty, a sworn friend of all honest purpose and earnest striving." That Huneker spent a good deal of his energy on the trail of "those pious mountebanks who clutter the market-places with their booths, mischievous half-art and tubs of tripe and soft soap" is information which Mr. Mencken naturally does not fail to add while he is about it. How could he, being so worthy a traveller along that same trail, and incidentally doing quite a lot of blazing in his turn?

THOMAS MOULT.

* "A Book of Prefaces." By H. L. Mencken. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

THE MYSTERY SHIPS.*

One of the most valuable additions to the library of real war literature which I have read is the book entitled

* "Q-Ships and Their Story." By E. Keble Chatterton. 12s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

H.I.M. ALEXANDRA

(Given to the Author at Tsarskoe Selo, Spring, 1909)

From "The Real Tsaritsa." By Madame Lili Dehn (Thornton Butterworth). Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

"Q-Ships and Their Story," by Lieutenant-Commander E. Keble Chatterton, R.N.V.R.

Even Naval men in general knew little of the doings of these mystery ships, and others less still. Commander Chatterton has taken enormous pains to gather accurate information and has presented the result of his inquiries in a plain, understandable manner, without the use of more technicalities than is legitimate.

When Germany began to realise the possibilities of the submarine and to play havoc with the mercantile shipping of the world, she introduced a new factor into naval warfare. She presented to the British Admiralty a problem which it would be idle to pretend was not extremely difficult of solution. Various methods of offence and defence were tried, and it is one of these that Chatterton describes.

The "Q-ship" was, briefly, a decoy ship. Every effort was made to give her the appearance of a harmless trading or fishing vessel; her guns were cleverly concealed; her crew were not only disguised, but were trained to behave as would the average sailor when suddenly confronted with grave peril of a kind not included in the ordinary experience of those who go down to the sea in ships. The object of this, of course, was to induce the unsuspecting submarine commander to bring his craft near enough to the decoy ship to enable the crew of the latter to open suddenly a devastating fire on the enemy.

Naturally, the enemy were not slow to become suspicious of apparently innocent vessels, and there ensued an extraordinarily interesting battle of wits. The designers and the commanders of the Q-ships resorted to all kinds of clever devices for the deception of the enemy, and their skill was handsomely rewarded.

But skill, though important, would have been useless had it not been backed by amazing coolness and courage. Those of us who belonged to the junior Service can imagine something of the bravery of men who could lie concealed on their little vessels, calmly enduring long-range shelling from a hostile submarine, knowing that the odds against their ever seeing a home port again were desperately heavy—yet waiting (for perhaps an hour) in immobility for the moment when their commander would break the awful tension with the eagerly-awaited order: "Action!" which meant the hoisting of the White Ensign, the removal of the gun-concealments, and the opening of a hot fire on the enemy.

Commander Chatterton's book is at once a stirring narrative and a painstaking record of actual events. He is to be congratulated, for he has eschewed sob-stuff and has described actions of great gallantry with a simplicity that is in consonance with the traditions of a Service in which deeds are accounted more righteous than many words.

F. D. G.

BALZAC'S SHORT STORIES.*

To think of Balzac, herculean labourer in the field of fiction, as a writer of *short* stories is to evoke a sense of incongruity; his effects demanded such building up from detail, his approaches were so prolonged, that unless we are familiar with his skill we do not "see" him in the briefer form at all. Yet, though he can hardly be termed a master of the short story, some of his short stories are masterpieces, and five of them are here republished, with an illuminating introductory essay presumably by Mr. Tilley himself.

The five are "Le Curé de Tours," "Jésus-Christ en Flandre," "Le Chef-d'Œuvre Inconnu," "L'Auberge Rouge" and "La Messe de L'Athée." As a matter of personal taste, I prefer the third, with the magnificent outbursts of the old Frenhofer and the subtle climax; but "Le Curé de Tours" has, one might colloquially say, "more in it." Even in his famous portraits he has rarely given a more vivid impression of evil personality than his Mlle. Gamard, the landlady of poor Abbé Birotteau, a woman shrivelled of soul, meagre and mean of body. True, Birotteau was a weakling, with whose meekness under persecution we somehow can find little sympathy in spite of scriptural precepts; but he is just as Balzac desired him to be. And the cunning Abbé Troubert, double-faced, ambitious, scheming constantly for power and preferment, is no less a triumph. It seems that Balzac, even in these quickly-written stories, could not refrain from his favourite method; again and again we find him filling in, with the precision of an etching, the detailed descriptions which shall complete a definite picture of person or of place before getting on with the story. Take, for example, the care with which he gives a ground-plan of the inn on the banks of the Rhine, in "L'Auberge Rouge"; the picture of Desplein, the surgeon and atheist, in "La Messe de L'Athée"; the many extraordinarily clean-cut impressions in the wonderful little plotless tale of provincial Tours. Every one of them lives; every one betrays the hand of Balzac. "In future years," wrote Henry James, "if people find his tales, on the whole, too rugged and charmless, let them take one up occasionally and, turning the leaves, read simply the portraits." And of this last story in particular he said, "'Le Curé de Tours,' for all its brevity, will be read when 'Le Député d'Arcis' lies unopened."

The occasionally puzzling words used by Balzac, which even a good reader of the language may not understand, are annotated by the editor; apart from these infrequent terms, Balzac's language is flowing and easy, and above all direct and definite. It has been a pleasure to re-read these stories in so well-produced an edition, and our thanks are due to Mr. Tilley for his admirable explanatory and semi-biographical introduction, which will considerably help the reader who is not familiar with this phase of Balzac's monumental work.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

* "Balzac: Five Short Stories." Edited by Arthur Tilley, M.A. 5s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

Novel Notes.

THE MERCY OF ALLAH. By Hilaire Belloc. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. Belloc has made a mistake by hampering himself with the Eastern machinery of this story. To an author such as James Monier the Eastern manners and atmosphere were so well known that their use added to his satire. Mr. Belloc is not familiar with the East nor, we should say, with Islam either in its strength or its weakness, and the reader's appreciation of his irony is continually disturbed by improprieties of diction or behaviour. Yet how admirable much of the satire is! Mr. Belloc is tilting at his old enemies, the men who get on, who get on regardless of their fellow-creatures' rights, comforts or interests. Mahmoud, who will not give his nephews anything else, is ready with advice; and he can think of no better method of advising them than by telling the story of how he has got on. In fourteen chapters he describes his career of roguery—a career occasionally upset by others' roguery, of a kind not provided for in business, but generally successful and admired. Here is a specimen of Mahmoud's suave style:

> "It is my custom, when I am in need of recreation from the cares of commerce, to frequent the criminal courts and to attend the sentences passed upon those brought before them, as well as to be a spectator of the ensuing executions. No pastime affords greater relief from the dull everyday round of buying and selling; while the contrast between one's own pleasant position and that of the pauper who is to be beheaded, adds a zest which I recommend to all men of affairs."

Mr. Belloc has a very happy way of describing legal functions, reducing them to nonsense by a careful, even reverent description of every detail of procedure. The suit of Mahmoud in defence of his charter is an excellent piece of comedy; and we can only regret that there is no chapter describing his trial on a capital charge.

THE McBRIDES. By John Sillars. 7s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

If this is the first story Mr. John Sillars has written, then he must have been born with all the tricks of romance at his finger ends as those fortunate in other ways are said to have been born with a silver spoon in the mouth. His scenes are among the hills and along the rocky shores of Arran; his people belong to a time that is little more than a century gone, but in those wild parts they are almost as primeval in their hates and passionate loves as the men and women of the Stone Age. There is smuggling, and fighting and love-making, and the very colour and atmosphere of romance are over it all. The right hero for such a glamorous tale is Dan McBride, "strong as a mountain ash, and with the cruel arrogant pride of a long-bred race behind him, his own will his only law, and the queer twist of tenderness for old stories and old songs and his love for all nature—a stark man, who would reach out and take what he desires." And after Dan has fled abroad, thinking he has murdered a man who tried to betray him, his son Bryde is born and grows to manhood, with all his father's fatal fascination for women, but more than his father's power of self-control, and is loved by Helen and Margaret (surely one of the most charming heroines that ever lived in fiction), and gives his heart to one, and it is the other who sacrifices her life for him just after she had married the staider Hugh, knowing Bryde was not for her. But it is impossible to summarise such a story and give any idea of the cunning and the lure of it. Read it; for it is worth reading; and the fact that it is already in its third impression is proof that many are finding it so.

MR. AMBROSE. By C. E. Lawrence. 6s. (Daniel O'Connor.)

Refreshing—that is the word for it. When you are getting a little tired of reading the more or less orthodox novel of ordinary love and marriage, or love without marriage, open "Mr. Ambrose," and it is like arriving at an oasis in the desert. Mr. Coulten is a publisher, a simple, good-natured man, living a respectable suburban life with his two daughters at Clapham. But when the strange Gabriel Ambrose comes from nobody knows where, and in the quietest, most graciously masterful manner imposes himself on the family as an unpaying guest, the placid flow of the publisher's existence begins to be broken up, even his respectability is put in jeopardy, and Clapham and other parts of the country are shocked and startled in the most sensational manner. For Gabriel is no common stranger come to town; he is not even mortal except in appearance, and he comes to remind the world that Love is the soul of Life, "the power most needed upon earth," and his mere insistence on this brings him into difficulties not only with everyday people but with the churches that preach but do not practise the old doctrine. He gets a little involved in an earthly love—but you shall go to the book for details; it is worth your while. Mr. Lawrence is an idealist and has found a theme perfectly suited to the Puck-like humour and delicate fantasy that are his especial gifts.

THE GANG. By Joseph Anthony. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

It must long have been the ambition of many a western writer to make a record of street life in New York as its youngsters know it, and especially those of the Jewish and the Irish quarters. Mr. Anthony has done it now and done it well, in a most diverting story. If anything, the book suffers from a title that seems to threaten realism, or rather terrorism of the type we get from Upton Sinclair, Theodore Dreiser and the late Frank Norris. Here the title is cast in the more-than-half humorous vein of the book; and the author gives to his heroes the name they give themselves. There is a senior gang and a junior, and their scuffles with rival crews and the police have all the tempestuousness to be expected of lads born among the "concentration camps" of overgrown modern cities. There is, however, a serious side to the story. Mr. Anthony's juveniles, for all their ash-can battles and their scarifying language, have that keen zest for education which marks the chosen race. Harold, the Last of the Hoodlums, one might call him, is therefore a strange compound of the urban dare-devil, the class prodigy and the horror of the school superintendent, for he explodes all discipline with a sudden burst of impudence worthy of Huckleberry or the great Tom Sawyer himself. On the whole, Mr. Anthony has done much better than his predecessors in this field by keeping the note and the tone true to life. That is to say, he has given due gravity to the intense importance of boy-life unto itself, its fears and risks, its hawk-like alertness for the new sensation, and its engulfing misery when injuries are undeserved or things go wrong. The faculty of humour Mr. Anthony possesses in an eminent degree, and when he has only learned to make allowance for the duller apprehensions of an older world in matters like western dialect and metaphor, he will surprise and conquer us.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Joseph Anthony.**

THE DARK HOUSE. By I. A. R. Wylie. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

From the very beginning of this brilliant novel, Robert Stonehouse impresses one with a sense of poignant reality. He is presented as a strange, wild, sad little boy, the son of a shiftless doctor who is cursed with a maniacal temper. Robert has something of his father's temper, plenty of grit, ambition, and an armour of swagger and bluster. Life pressing hard upon him engenders a hard streak in the boy's nature, and the story tells how this quality of hardness, embittered by the teachings of an atheistic schoolmaster, comes near to ruining his chance of happiness with Frances Wilmot, a girl who, like himself, aspires to a brass plate in Harley Street. A fine, thoughtful novel, "The Dark House" reveals the talented author at her best.

GENTLE JULIA. By Booth Tarkington. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Booth Tarkington has achieved a delightful farcical comedy in this study of a flirt, her family and her countless admirers. Julia can't help being a flirt—she's made that way; soft glances, meaning tones—that in reality don't mean anything—and all the charming artificialities of her shallow beauty, are as natural to her as the colour of her eyes. Her relations (a swarm of them, all living in the same street) spy on her love affairs with scandalised relish; her father fills the rôle of stern parent, her young cousin Florence is a pert flapper and an incorrigible eavesdropper, and between them they give us an irresistibly funny yarn.

THE MEASURE OF YOUTH. By Emmeline Morrison. 7s. (John Long.)

Cecil Challoner "knew the worst too young." He had a good education, but drifted in London to vicious circles. Without money, he proposed to the charming, pure-minded Helen Tomkins, a great heiress, who believed passionately in him and knew not that he took drugs. The book concerns itself with the miserable marriage of these two—the reproaches, the attempts to improve, the fallings back, of Cecil. Eventually he does reform, "for these two life began again, as in the beech-wood long ago." A readable story, told in an easy, conversational style.

XUM

THE BRACEGIRDLE. By Burris Jenkins. 7s. 6d. net. (Lippincott.)

From the history of Anne Bracegirdle, the famous seventeenth century actress, Dr. Burris Jenkins has selected a number of facts and incidents and weaved them into a thrilling, vivid story. It is a capital tale and one that will send the lover of historical London a-search for the place where Anne lodged—a street off the Strand. The tale is supposed to be told by Richard Lovell, and the troublous adventures he goes through for Anne's sake win our sympathy and interest from the first. Anne makes a fascinating heroine of romance. Of course the mystery of her sudden disappearance from the stage has to be cleared up by supposition, but the explanation given by Dr. Burris Jenkins is plausible and good enough. In the course of the story we get glimpses of many famous people, such as Dryden, Congreve, Lord Halifax, and King William the Third. The author has entered thoroughly into the spirit of the times he is writing about, and the result is a delightful and absorbing story.

THE HAPPY FOOL. By John Palmer. 7s. 6d. (Christophers.)

A clever and subtly revealing study in two characters. Guy Reval, reckless, selfish, with no thought of the morrow, strikes a contrast to his more cautious brother who, never trusting to luck, never has any. Guy is blessed with the love of the girl that Theodore covets, yet throws it aside for the more primitive devotions of one in a different status of life, whom he marries and, in spite of constant friction, cares for with all the depth of his being. He comes happily through imprudence and disaster, lives "carelessly upon the edge of tragedy"; wins easily that for which his brother toils in vain, and we leave him at length finding peace, while his brother envies him even the things he has lost. It is an excellent piece of work, an exquisite delineation of temperament; an artistic achievement that amply fulfils what Mr. Palmer's earlier work led us to expect of him.

AN IMAGINARY MARRIAGE. By Henry St. John Cooper. 3s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

Entirely under the dominance of her aunt is pretty, timid little Marjorie, who merely weeps and pleads when told she must marry to please her aunt's choice or be denied her fortune for six long years. Luckily her aunt's choice falls on a man who is noble-minded and generous of heart and, although he loves where his love is not wanted, is willing to sacrifice himself for the happiness of the girl he cares for. Thus the daring idea of the imaginary marriage comes into being. They agree that he shall persuade the aunt he is already married so that she cannot hope to impose him on the reluctant Marjorie and, her hopes dashed, shall give in to her niece's wishes. The plan works favourably, except for one unfortunate slip—he is obliged to give a name to his fictitious wife, and the name he selects happens to belong to a girl who really exists and is known to the aunt. Mr. Cooper has certainly hit on a new theme, and to add that the story has already won great popularity as a *Daily Mirror* serial will recommend it at once to all lovers of light fiction.

THE DIARY OF A BABY. By Barry Pain. 1s. 6d. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Barry Pain is as diverting as ever in these chronicles (recently revised) of the unconscious thought of Rosalys Ysolde Smith, aged one year. We have all met Rosalys with her wise solemn eyes and her inseparable doll "Miss Pobling," and while thinking of Rosalys we have often wondered what Rosalys was thinking of us, not to mention her papa and mamma, her nurse and fellow-babies. Well, here you have it pat, and straight from the baby shoulder. Here, for example, is one for Uncle Templeton Pratt: "Last year," records Rosalys, "he gave me a silver cup and other articles to the value of five or six pounds perhaps. This year he gave me a hygienic wool ball and a rotten cheap musical-box—not four shillings the lot at the fancy-toy repository. I suppose next year he'll give me nothing; and the year after, if I'm fool enough to get left alone in a room with him, he'll try to sneak my coral necklace. Well, I shall make a bit of a fight for it." Behind all the nonsense in this little book there is much shrewd and delightful observation, and here and there even a tear.

THE RETURN. By Walter de la Mare. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

How difficult it is to keep up appearances! And how most of us would go to pieces if once appearances were definitely let go! We know people by their mannerisms, by their faces and figures, even by their clothes. When Arthur Lawford, after his injudicious sleep in the little churchyard by the tomb of old Sabathier, goes home, his wife does not recognise him. Suddenly Sabathier has begun to take possession of him, has returned; and Lawford has another man's appearance—to keep up, or rather to live down. Mr. de la Mare's story was first published ten years ago; it was given a prize, it was admired by a few and then went out of print. In France it might have sold in tens of thousands. It is beautifully written. It has an imaginative truth which is very rare in modern fiction, and it never takes the easy ways of allegory or satire. Lawford's slow recovery, his return, his spiritual experience with Herbert and Grisel, are indicated with astonishing patience and affection. All the book has a rare beauty; perhaps most beautiful are the passages which tell us about Lawford and his daughter Alice. It is a difficult thing to get on to paper the intimate, yet shy, love between a father and a daughter; and this Mr. de la Mare most admirably does. "The Return" is a remarkable book, full of compositive wisdom and the humility which is the source of all knowledge.

THE NEW DECAMERON. The Third Volume. 7s. 6d. (Blackwell.)

Many distinguished authors are represented in this the third volume of tales told to divert the participators in Turpin's Temperamental Tours. There are tales to suit all comers—a tale of undraped passion by Storm Jameson, a priestly tale by Robert Keable, a whimsical *poltergeist* fable by J. D. Beresford, and a characteristically clever and disturbing tale by D. H. Lawrence. Compton Mackenzie's piquant storiette of the hunchback of Sirene is a memorable pendant to "Life's Little Ironies." Michael Sadleir, Norman Davey, Desmond Coke, V. Sackville West, and Bill Nobbs complete the list of contributors to a volume that more than fulfils the expectations raised by its predecessors.

MARIA CHAPDELAINE. By Louis Hemon. Translated by W. H. Blake. 6s. (Macmillan.)

A crystal simplicity broods over this tale of life in the wilds. There is something severe and pure about it. Even when we read of the deadly struggle that the French Canadian woodmen have to go through when freeing the land from the trees that choke it, we feel still a sense of unruffled peace. The plot is artless. Maria, child of solitude, has an almost voiceless courtship with the man she loves. "You will be here still . . . next spring?" "Yes." And after the simple question and simpler answer they fell silent and so long remained, worldess and grave, for they had exchanged their vows. The lover is lost in the snow, and broken-hearted Maria has two other offers—one from a townsman who can carry her away from her lonely surroundings, one from a neighbouring farmer. She almost decides to go to the town, then the illness of her gallant mother makes it impossible. After her mother's death the girl sees that her duty is to remain near her people, so she accepts the farmer. The story ends on this pensive note.

XUM

DORMANT FIRES. By Gertrude Atherton. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

A picture of San Francisco society in the sixties, faithfully drawn. "In this quiet city we are a class apart, above. No loose fish enters our quiet bay," exclaims one of the great Southern ladies whose approval our conventional heroine longs to win. Madeleine is a sweet creature, but her husband denies her companionship and even interferes with her love for books. She meets the artistic Langdon Masters who, living in the same hotel, gradually influences her more and more. Their secret meetings and hesitations are described in a dramatic way that grips the reader. The husband, informed by a watching lady, intervenes. Langdon is obliged to throw up an excellent appointment and to leave the place. News comes to Madeleine that he is drinking. She, too timid to run away, also tries to escape life by means of drink. Happily she pulls up, the husband by and by divorces her for desertion, and she goes to seek Masters and finds him just in time for matters to end hopefully. The book is a characteristic Atherton, with no fumbling about the plot and no padding.

The Bookman's Table.

THE WOMAN IN THE LITTLE HOUSE. By M. L. Eyles. 4s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

Those who have read "Margaret Protests" and "Captivity" will not need to be told that Mrs. Eyles is a novelist with a purpose, and a purpose that she takes very seriously to heart. She really knows how the poor live, for she has herself been one of them and shared the hardness, the bitterness, the deprivations of the man and woman who have to live with their children in "the little house." And here she puts all pretence of fiction aside and in a series of vivid, plain-spoken chapters unfolds the true annals of the poor, which poets and novelists are apt to sentimentalise until they seem so much less grim and sorry than in reality they are. A passionate sympathy for the mothers and the children in particular is the keynote here as in "Margaret Protests." She lays bare the hidden mysteries of our cities, fearlessly exposes the social evils that must be righted, and offers plain warnings of what must come if they are not. If the woman at home is underfed, overburdened with work and worry, this reacts upon her menfolk, and, says Mrs. Eyles, "I believe that the political revolutions that end in bombs and massacres begin with the tired, neurotic women in the Little Houses." To find the seeds of revolution you must look into those squalid little homes—"it isn't the law-breaking, Bolshevist section of the community that is dangerous." All who are any way engaged in work for social reform should read this revealing, powerfully written book; it will show them unequivocally the real nature of the problems they are up against.

THE ANDAMAN ISLANDERS. By A. R. Brown. 40s. (Cambridge University Press.)

Devotees of Frazer's famous "Totemism and Exogamy" will find a wealth of cognate information in Mr. Brown's interesting and conscientious survey of the customs, beliefs and culture of the little-known Andaman Islanders. Mr. Brown lived with and conducted his researches among this curious race, who, broadly speaking, constitute the third division of the Negrito family (of which the other branches people the Philippines and the middle belt of the Malayan Peninsula), from 1906 to 1908. Much to his disappointment, his inquiries had to be confined mainly to the tribes of Great Andaman, the language difficulty proving at the time insuperable for proper research among the tribes of Little Andaman and the other islands of the group. The social institutions of the islanders have been profoundly modified in the last generation, largely by

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LA BELLE SAUVAGE - LONDON, E.C.4

The House of Cassell

virtue of the intercourse of the tribes with the immigrant Indians attached to the penal settlement at Port Blair. The war is partly blamed for the delay in publication, and even if ethnologists have been kept waiting for the results of Mr. Brown's work it is as well that he accomplished this when he did, such data as he acquired being increasingly difficult of collection. Mr. Brown's facts are extremely interesting in themselves, though his fashion of presenting them is perhaps a little pedantic and dry, albeit there are indications of the human touch in the steadfast persistence with which he criticises the conclusions of a predecessor in the same field, Mr. E. H. Man. There are twenty remarkably good illustrations from photographs, a couple of maps, and a number of cuts in the text illustrative of the technical culture of the islanders.

A HISTORY OF EVERYDAY THINGS IN ENGLAND. By Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. School edition in Six Parts, 3s. net each. (Batsford.)

One cannot conceive a more enjoyable method of getting acquainted with history than by means of Mr. and Mrs. Quennell's volumes on Everyday Things. The tedious history lessons of the past will not bear comparison with this delightful new process. It helps the student actually to visualise bygone times, their surroundings, people, customs; it touches on the intimate details of life which ordinary histories overlook; it clothes the dry bones of historical data with words and pictures that give a vivid impression of England through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is admirably suited to schools especially since, to meet the demands, it now appears in a form particularly adapted to class use. Instead of being in two volumes, as it was originally published, it is in six conveniently handled parts. Costumes, buildings, ships, food, games of all periods are described and illustrated in black-and-white or in colour, all these being excellently reproduced and showing great care and accuracy on the part of the artist, or joint artists. Indeed it almost makes one wish to be a child again to be able to approach the study of one's country's story with such interesting and helpful guides as Mr. and Mrs. Quennell!

MICHAEL FIELD. By Mary Sturgeon. 6s. net. (Harrap.)

How many who read this paragraph will have read much of Michael Field's work? Yet by famous poets and critics Michael Field has been claimed as in the true line of great English poets. And now, thanks to Miss Mary Sturgeon, some part of the life and work of Michael Field has been rescued from the oblivion into which it was falling, and presented to the public. One of the most amazing things about Michael Field is that he (or rather, she) was actually two persons "with but a single voice." "The collaboration was so close, so completely were the poets at one in the imaginative effort, that frequently they could not themselves decide (except by reference to the handwriting on the original sheet of manuscript) who had composed a given passage," writes Miss Sturgeon. Michael Field was two women—Katharine Bradley and Edith Cooper, who were aunt and niece. The story of their lives, their friendship, their work, and their deaths, is sympathetically told by Miss Sturgeon in her fascinating and deeply interesting book.

PASTEUR AND HIS WORK. By L. Descour. Translated by A. F. and B. H. Wedd, M.D. 15s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Those who attribute the present *entente cordiale*, chequered as it is, to the initiative of the late King Edward or the mutual overtures of the London and Paris Chambers of Commerce, do a real injustice to science. Whatever we may say of the utilitarianism of trade or diplomacy or the sense of self-preservation taught us by distrust of Germany, it is only fair to remember that the friendly emulation of our scientists had already gone ahead in the direction of improving Anglo-French relations. The present centenary of Pasteur's birth gives occasion to recall that he valued none of his many honours and degrees more than the tribute of Lord Lister declaring in a letter that it was the French savant's germ investigations which had given us the antiseptic system and the wholesale life-saving and pain-alleviation which has followed it. This book shows with a charm and clarity that is well preserved in the translation how these investigations were far more various in results and range than the world generally supposes, and even then formed only part of a life's work dedicated to a steady warfare against false reasoning and the shallow or prescriptive view. In other words it is a double translation, not only from French to English, but from high science to the plain language of the people. It reveals a man who beneath all his profundity and intense application was a singularly human and winning character. He had no advantages at the start, and was condemned at college for his "mediocre" papers. But once his faculty for mastering the minutiæ of observation had shown him how truth had escaped others, he saw his vocation, and his seniors in the same field soon divided themselves into those who welcomed and those who opposed him. What he did in the routing of anthrax, cholera, diphtheria and rabies is a familiar story nowadays, but this record of his researches in many fields deserves to be studied as showing unmistakably that his real victory was not in mere results but in the establishment of a safe and conscientious method.

DENT'S HISTORICAL AND ECONOMIC GEOGRAPHIES. Great Britain and Ireland. 4s. 6d. (Dent.)

This is the third volume of a most admirable and comprehensive series, written by Messrs. Piggott and Finch. Publication has been delayed by the war. Every effort has been made to take account of recent changes. "To understand the present," the authors explain, "the past must be surveyed." They have successfully blended history and geography here; in fact we may say this is the model from which many new books of the kind will be compiled in days to come. There are chapters on "Rocks and their Mineral Wealth," "Climate," "Animal Life," "Population," etc. We hope that schoolmasters will make it their business to see this interesting bit of work.

MASKS. By Bertram C. Arkwright. 3s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount.)

Mr. Arkwright's "Masks," if a first book, is interesting as an indication of the present reaction towards formal verse. Here and there the author shows too the danger of subjection to verse forms which must be used as tools if they are to yield the sweet essence of poetry. In sonnet writing especially Mr. Arkwright is apt to be mesmerised by the beat of the pentameter and to forget that a sonnet must be dramatically charged with meaning. "Boxers" is a good example of the author in a mood of observant contemplation, taking objects from the stray leaves of life and putting a poetic content into them. He has reported, quite simply and in admirably chosen metre, his reflections as a spectator of a boxing match. There is the heat of imagination in "The Familiar." It is a pity to quote only the first stanza:

"Ah, tawny Love-of-life! Gripped by what fear,
Like some great forest cat,
Eyes veiled by quivering eyelids, ears laid flat,
Licking my dusty feet, and whimpering, crouch you here?"

A lighter, half cynical mood inspires many of the triolets, rondeaux and lyric measures in the book, a few of them reminiscent of Dowson. "Masks," however, is not at all a book of echoes; Mr. Arkwright stands on his own legs, even when occasionally his measures limp. His next book ought to show less artificial fantasy and more freedom of imagination.

A DIFFICULT FRONTIER. By Henry Baerlein. 6s. (Leonard Parsons.)

Probably the region of Europe about which the average Britisher knows least is that chaotic, rugged country which the maps of our school-days named Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro and Albania. The story of these various states, some of which had and have still no definitely settled frontier line, exists very vaguely in our minds, and even the magic words "Yugo-Slavia" fails to create any clear image. In this compact book Mr. Henry Baerlein puts the case for Albania, Serbia and the mixed nationalities inhabiting their districts very effectively. The Albanians are "not a people, but tribes," writes one student of the Near Eastern problem who is "absolutely convinced that there could be no greater misfortune than if, in its present state, Albania were given independence." "To pretend that the Albanian has earned the freedom of his country by his glorious exploits in the war is an absurdity," says Mr. Baerlein. "He is a mediæval fellow, much more anxious to have a head to bash than to ascertain whom it belongs to." He indulges in "blood feuds," and after reading the author's vivid sketch of the people we are no longer surprised that one of the most frequently recurring newspaper head-lines used to be "Trouble in the Balkans." There is always trouble with these wild children of nature who are half spoiled, half mended by the superficial approaches of civilisation as represented by Italy and other nations intimately concerned. There we must leave him; pugnacious, lacking in refinement, but with the making of a fine man in him. Mr. Baerlein's careful volume does much to enable us to understand the difficult situation.

IN NATURE'S GARDEN. By C. H. Donald, F.Z.S. 7s. 6d. (The Bodley Head.)

Men who know and have known days of sport in India will settle down comfortably to a perusal of this delightful set of sketches by a great *shikaree*. Mr. Donald has a most observant eye, and records many of the interesting things that he has himself discovered. The book is well illustrated by photographs. (By the way, there is an extremely good snapshot of a tawny eagle.) Most of the writing is good and vivid, perhaps the best paper of all is that entitled "Turning Tables," which describes the visit of a panther to the author's bungalow. Within eighteen hours the hunter and his friend had secured also a bear, a sambhur, and two four-horned antelopes. Young people, as well as old, will enjoy the account of the bear supposed to be written by the bear himself, telling of mistakes often made by sportsmen.

ROVERING TO SUCCESS. By Sir Robert Baden-Powell. 2s. 6d. (Herbert Jenkins.)

We rejoice that, for half a crown, youth can possess itself of this thoroughly manly, straightforward piece of advice on "How to Live." Sir Robert disarms criticism by his modest good sense, which is shot through by a fiery enthusiasm that will attract the boy of all ages. For his subjects he has taken rocks that lie in the path of all young men—Horses, Wine, Women and Irreligion. Constantly his own experience comes in—"When I was in Africa. . . . When I was in Japan. . . ." His hope is cheering. "I believe in the rising generation of young citizens!" The good stories in this little volume are many, including one on smoking, which the American frontiersmen told him was apt to play Old Harry with eyesight and wind. By the way, the sex instruction given here, with clear diagrams, is most simple and valuable.

THE BOOK OF CRICKET. By P. F. Warner. Revised edition. 7s. 6d. (Dent.)

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Music.

SIR LANDON RONALD.

By J. P. Collins.

To say that a man has the secret of perpetual youth divides your audience into two camps. One half doubts if the compliment is genuine; the other goes away envious. To cite Sir Landon Ronald is to dispose of both classes of objectors. He satisfies the first by establishing the truth of the remark; he disposes of the second by disarming ill-nature. In point of fact it would be hard to say if his cheerfulness is the occasion of his popularity or the effect of it; possibly both, for they are qualities that react upon each other. There is a sparkle in his temperament which must be rather valuable to the principal of a great institution like the Guildhall School of Music. He has ruled its destinies, in fact, since he reached the age of thirty-six, and there is no doubt how much of its success in the interval is due to his fire and energy. For one thing he is a Londoner by birth, with all the Londoner's patriotism and none of his insularity. He was educated in or near the metropolis and, save for his tours of the world as a conductor, as well as his hard work up and down the provinces, he has been linked with London and its fortunes ever since.

It was Sir Augustus Harris who recognised the talents of Landon Ronald and engaged him as conductor at Covent Garden at the experimental age of eighteen. By the time he came of age the young virtuoso was conducting grand opera there. In the same year he was acting as conductor to Melba in America, and acquiring stories which have made him a raconteur ever since. Royal "command" performances are not always indicative, but they make a landmark now and then in the progress of national taste, and in Sir Landon's case they were incidental to a career of amazing pace and development. As a conductor of many important series of performances, triumphs came crowding thick and fast — the Albert Hall Sunday Concerts, the New Symphony Orchestra, the London Philharmonic Society, the Promenades at Birmingham, the Hallés at Manchester, the Philharmonics at Liverpool, and orchestral tours right and left. In 1908 and 1909 he toured Europe as conductor and led the chief orchestras of the world. From this time forward he has presided over the Guildhall School and the orchestra of the Royal Albert Hall. He has written a couple of hundred songs, many of them familiar in our ears as household words. The list of his orchestral works is more imposing still and hardly needs category. Most of us remember "Britannia's Realm," the Coronation ballet at the Alhambra; the dramatic scena from Shelley's "Adonaïs"; the ballet entitled "The Entente Cordiale" (1904); his incidental music to "The Garden of Allah"; and that dramatic scena for baritone and orchestra in the Oriental vein, suffused with so much of the wonder and fragrance of Asian romance, "The Lament of Shah Jehan." Some of us said at the time that it was indeed a distillation from marble into music of the grace and passionate purity of the Taj Mahal.

I have often wondered what a philosophic visitor thinks when he saunters through the by-ways of central London and catches sounds and scents so much at variance with the grim surroundings, especially if he strays out of the quiet of the Temple into the cellared roar of the rotary presses in the busy avenues towards Blackfriars. It must move him strangely to hear in John Carpenter Street snatches of song and scraps of harmony pouring from the windows of the Guildhall School; and then to turn out of its singing corridors into the august and ordered calm of the Principal's sanctum. Sir Landon evidently loves a clean score, a desk with all the virtues of neatness and accessibility, a place for everything, and the rigour of the game. To one who has hardly seen him except at the conductor's rostrum, or presiding at a club "smoker" and swaying the storm of rapture with an easy beat, it was disconcerting, to say the least—this *vis-à-vis* encounter with a *maestro* wrapped in a new vesture of authority and an atmosphere of unaccustomed

Photo by Swaine. **Sir Landon Ronald.**

silence. But there were the same lustrous sparkle in the eye, the same cordiality, the same alertness of ideas, the same warmth of temperament. We expect temperament with our musicians as we expect cream and sugar with our berries; but it is new to find an instance where the brain is in control, and not the temperament tyrannising over the man.

Sir Landon preferred, at the outset, to avoid discussions of the past. I touched on the fact that his neighbour, the Dean, and a few other patriotic worthies, had been wrangling lately about the merits and demerits of the great Victorian era. Presently Sir Landon, tempted back in spite of himself, was disposed to skip lightly over the shortcomings of that celebrated period so far as native music was concerned. Sixty and seventy years ago, he said, everything here was Italian—Italian singers, instrumentalists, music, opera, everything. One has only to turn over an old cupboard in a music-room to see the fronts of sheet-music of that period bespread with crinolined goddesses rejoicing in polysyllabled diminuendo names and crowds of adoring devotees, all listening to shrill *roulades* and *fioritura* in a language they rarely understood. A change, or rather a fashion, came over the spirit of the crowd, and the land was invaded by our pseudo-friends, the Germans. Throat-gurgling gentry of a monumental build stood rooted on a stage augmented by an equally stolid chorus (and extra joists beneath) while the house paid its money to be deafened nightly with the "high-worthy" thunders of the late Richard Wagner. It was a tremendous time, and undoubtedly prepared us for the hubbub of the recent war; but it was hardly satisfying to the souls of those who wanted something other than a minimum of inspiration to a maximum of sound. It passed for Victorian, of course, and the label will remain, but like so much else that was alien and overpraised, it has had to yield the victory up to a less turgid and more natural school, where native talent gets a hearing and foreign compositions find their right proportion in a better and broader scheme of things. And it was the contemplation of this improvement that moved Sir Landon to enthusiasm.

"One can only regard English musical progress in the last decade or two as something phenomenal," he said. "The way in which the younger generation have developed is nothing short of amazing. An essential part of the credit for this is doubtless due to our three great schools of music—the Royal Academy, the Royal College and the Guildhall School; for their influence has been simply dynamic in every way. It will be difficult for future historians of the English musical revival to determine what these institutions have and have not done in promoting the vast improvement that has taken place in this country. But even these sources of the higher education in music fail to account altogether for the change I have in mind.

"It has been not a matter of training only, but of absolute awakening and the discovery of talent in unexpected measure. It has been a case not of concentration or adaptation or extension. You might almost call it a great organic movement, and part of the proof is that what I have said applies to creative as well as interpretative art. At the present time we possess in this country native instrumentalists and vocalists who

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can vie with any on the Continent and hold their own; whereas that would have been practically impossible to say in the mid-Victorian era.

"As for creative artists, I don't want to go harping on the same familiar names, but we have composers of the highest rank whose work evokes the warmest enthusiasm right round the world. I need only mention the greatest of them all—Sir Edward Elgar. But there are others of immense talent and influence, both old and young—Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Villiers Stanford, Sir Frederic Cowen, all of them brilliant examples of the era of creative art that supervened upon the Victorian and quite eclipsed it. As for the younger men, they are almost legion. I need only mention Dr. Vaughan Williams, Cyril Scott, Roger Quilter, Arnold Bax, Eugène Goossens, and there are many others. This is only to mention half or less of the names that spring to the mind of all good judges when they look around the horizons of English music."

"And the future?"

"Personally," said Sir Landon, "I am an absolute optimist about the state of the profession and its prospects. I have expressed myself in this vein until my audiences must be tired. But I want to utter a word of warning in the midst of all this sanguine speculation. We are finding, in music as in so much else, that the national genius has been distressingly neglected, and while the metropolis has spent many decades under foreign influences, certain of the provincial schools of music are still, if anything, disposed to be too insular. For instance, Yorkshire and Lancashire have always maintained a healthy emulation in respect of choral music, and are justly proud of having kept an extremely high standard of which no district and no country need ever be ashamed. We find this out whenever occasion arrives for close comparisons, and here it would seem that these two regions have conformed to natural laws.

"In other words, centres of modest dimensions removed by distance from one another, but populated by a class with a certain self-respecting social instinct and animated by a strong local patriotism, have cultivated their souls through music, especially in the long winter evenings, just as the Russians and the Poles have done. But this has had its drawbacks, because the higher orchestral music has been comparatively neglected and, with the exception of leading provincial cities like Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bradford, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, it is hard to find the best orchestral work in a flourishing condition. The verdict must be that in this respect at least there is a certain amount of headway to be made up. And I need not add that those who say this with authority say it, not in a spirit of blame, but of encouragement."

"But in all this," I put in, "there is the same reassuring evidence of a love of music innate in the people."

"Yes," was the ready answer. "This must always be gratifying to anyone who has the cause of national music at heart. As for the note of warning I wanted to express, it is this: in future we must try and steer between the two extremes of a narrow nationalism and an infatuation with the imported and exotic. In a little book which Hodder & Stoughton are to publish for me in the autumn, called 'Variations on a Personal Theme,' I have written a chapter on certain phases of music, especially its spread and education and improvement, and I am afraid I have struck this note of warning with a rather wearisome reiteration. But as one concrete instance is often worth a deal of abstract precept, let me say that three years ago when I was asked to conduct the famous Lamoureux Orchestra in Paris, I could not help admiring pretty nearly everything connected with it, except one.

"The programmes consisted of nothing but French music, and this was not an exceptional instance by any means. I thought it, and I think so still, a case of misplaced patriotism, and one which is bound to have a certain marked reaction, not always for good. It narrows and depreciates taste because it ignores the standards of comparison. In this and in all other matters of art we must stand for the open mind. As I have sufficiently shown, I think, I believe that the music being produced in this country to-day will compare more than favourably with the best that is being written anywhere, with the sole exception of opera, perhaps. Here the reason is due in some degree to the absence of incentive, because the foreign influences we have been discussing are more tenacious and persistent in the operatic world than any other. But I believe that we are steadily approaching a state of things where even this is being remedied, and the future of British music is assured on the threefold base of scholarship, catholicity and inspiration."

SONGS.

In his two new songs, published by Messrs. Augener, Mr. Peter Warlock turns from the Early English and Elizabethan poems which he recently treated with such audacious and convincing modernism, to verses by Masefield and J. C. Squire. "Captain Stratton's Fancy," by the former, has been set before and will doubtless be set again, for it is vivid, singable and refreshingly lusty, and the picture of the "old, bold mate of Henry Morgan" is as ripe as that worthy's nose. "Mr. Belloc's Fancy," which opens Mr. Squire's priceless book of parodies, "Tricks of the Trade," has amused so many that the wonder is that no one has set it before. It is a suitably solemn skit upon the Belloc of "The Path to Rome" and Songs of Sussex:

> "At Martinmas when I was born,
> Hey diddle, Ho diddle, do,
> There came a cow with a crumpled horn,
> Hey diddle, Ho diddle, Do.
> She stood agape and said, 'My dear,
> You're a very fine child for this time of year,
> And I think you'll have a taste in beer.'
> Hey diddle, Ho diddle, Ho, do, do, da,
> Hey diddle, Ho diddle, Do."

Both poems are such jolly things to sing, and really humorous songs are so regrettably rare, that one is all the more annoyed by Mr. Warlock's giving them settings which are grateful to comparatively few singers. Both require male voices, and sturdy ones at that, and the obviously wise thing would have been to fit the vocal lines to basses and the heavier sort of baritone. As it is, "Captain Stratton's Fancy," with a compass of C to F and a fairly high lie, will suit only high baritones, and would have a greater chance of success published in E♭. The fault in vocal technique in the other is so much more pronounced that it is difficult to say what voice it will suit. Even given that rare thing, a tenor publicly addicted to humour, he would object to the first parts of the verses, which are purely baritone; while not one baritone in

twenty would be happy on the G in the first verse or the A or optional G at the end of the last. Mr. Warlock has such a catholic taste in words and so neat a gift for catching the spirit of his discoveries that it will be a pity if, through deficient consideration of the instrument for which he writes, he consigns himself to the company of composers who are rather admired than performed.

The same firm now issues separately three songs from John Ireland's "Land of Lost Content," settings of poems from "The Shropshire Lad" (recently reviewed in this journal), "Goal and Wicket," "Ladslove," and "The Lent Lily," each published in two keys suitable to tenor and baritone voices.

In "At Morning," one of "Songs of Springtime" (Enoch), words by Temple Thurston, Sir Landon Ronald proves once again his skill in dressing the obvious in delusively attractive garb. He has written better and more ambitious songs; but this is dexterous enough for the vast band of singers who yearn in suburban drawing-rooms to express unutterable things to a richly sentimental —and incidentally easy—accompaniment. The words suit either sex and the three keys all voices. If Mr. Warlock could learn some of these tricks of the trade without becoming less Mr. Warlock!

Another brand of sentimentality, less insidious because more obvious, is purveyed by Mr. T. C. Sterndale Bennett, that merry humorist at the piano, in "I Fell in Love with Her Years Ago" and "Jacqueline," each published by Messrs. Cary in two keys. The first is apparently an attempt to repeat the success of "There's another Little Girl I'm Fond Of," for the formula is the same—a love song to a lady who turns out to be, in the first verse, his mother, and in the second his daughter. It should succeed. To performers who, like the composer, leaven their humour with simple sentiment, and to concert-party singers who warble to seaside sentimentalists on summer nights, these songs are strongly to be recommended, if only because they do not take themselves too seriously. The words have a neat patter of accumulated rime and Mr. Bennett has an engaging way of just steering clear of the honey pot, a whimsical air of saying "This is touching, I know, but—we can smile." For which he is to be thanked.

"Dusk of Dreams," the contralto solo from "The Mountebanks" (Enoch), now issued separately in keys suitable for all female voices, is less interesting than the soprano and tenor songs from the same cycle; but Miss Helen Taylor's pleasant verses, the lullaby-like refrain and Mr. Easthope Martin's characteristically graceful accompaniment will recommend it to numerous singers.

RODNEY BENNETT.

THE FAIRYLAND OF MUSIC. By Ernest Austin. 3s. 6d. net. (Methuen and Larway.)

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generally do ? " says the Daddy. He goes away to practise, and presently the two little girls hear strange tunes coming from the music-room. The Daddy is a wonderfully clever player, and he puts into music all sorts of stories, and everyday occurrences ; and as the tale proceeds the children are shown how to " hear what you hear " and " see what you see." The book is written in a bright, vivacious style, with much skill, sympathy and imagination.

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LENGNICK & Co.—" Silhouettes," for Piano. By George Hay.

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W. PAXTON & Co.—" Tales from Fairyland." Six Musical Stories for Young Pianists. By Aylmer Ward.—" Nocturne No. 3." By F. Liszt. (Anthology of Violin Music.)—Five Short Variations of a Scots Air (" Gala Water "). By J. Stuart Archer.

The Drama.

THE CRITICS' HAMLET.*

A writes a book on Hamlet. So does B. C writes an essay on A + B. Lastly comes D with a fourth book, and says what he thinks about the three of them, each to each. If you haven't read A, B or C (one gathers they are not worth reading), and if D bores you . . . It remains for some unenterprising publisher to collect all four into one volume A B C D and issue it as " Sows' Ears : a Progressive Course of Pedantry, for Those who have Never Seen Hamlet."

This reads rather like Euclid ; but then so does Mr. Clutton Brock, the D of the story. His is a wise book about a foolish subject. He is at pains to prove the obvious, and his method is a *reductio ad absurdum* of theories already sufficiently absurd. Setting aside the question of whether such theories are ever worth a critic's powder and shot, one may ask whether Mr. Brock's particular skittles could not have been bowled over in much brisker fashion—say in an article of five hundred words ? In the long run he is concerned with only two questions : (1) Why did Hamlet delay ? (2) How far have Kyd and his school a hand in the matter ? Common sense has long since countered these questions, quite simply and satisfactorily, by two others : (1) Has Hamlet's delay ever seemed unnatural to any unbiased, un-critic-ridden spectator ? And if not, why worry ? (2) If Hamlet cannot be understood without knowledge of Kyd and Co., can he be understood without knowledge of other external factors—political, social, antiquarian and so forth ? I.e. should he be witnessed at all but by a pit of historians ? Time has solved both questions. Failures, even " artistic " failures (solemn word !) do not outlive three centuries. Mr. Brock makes this point with promptness and accuracy. The tedium lies in his remaking it, at great length, for about 123 pages after his book is really finished.

This is not to say that Mr. Brock is not well worth reading. Whenever he allows himself to wander, even by a hair's breadth, from his set theme he is immediately interesting. Witty, too, if not always ingenuous. There is a little two-line sketch of Voltaire, " who kept all his sense of propriety for the arts " ; of Beatrice, " too much alive compared with every one else in ' Much Ado ' except Benedick " ; of Ophelia, who is " trying to do her duty by every one and does not know what her duty to Hamlet may be " ; and there is the neatly sarcastic dismissal of a certain critic's view of Chapman as " a kind of affable, familiar ghost who went about inserting irrelevant scenes in other men's plays." Curiously enough, these flashes themselves are always slightly irrelevant, as though Mr. Brock were writing on Hamlet from a grim sense of duty, but could not prevent his own taste and interests breaking in. It would be nice if he would write another book, full of irrelevancies (like Chapman). There would not be a dull line in it from start to finish. Meanwhile, let us be grateful for such irrelevancies as we are allowed in the present volume. As for the Hamlet problem, we have at any rate the wrapper's assurance that " Hamlet is neither a failure nor an accident, but a very great work of art." And that's always something.

E. GRAHAM SUTTON.

* " Shakespeare's Hamlet." By A. Clutton-Brock. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

THROUGH THE FOURTH WALL.*

I wonder how many dramatic critics have the heart (or the cheek) to cut out of the newspapers, with which they are in correspondence, and preserve their notices of new plays and occasional essays on the drama! Certainly there are very few whose work would stand the test to which Mr. J. A. Darlington has put the essays in criticism contributed by him to the *Daily Telegraph* during the past two years. "Through the Fourth Wall" is a book to be proud of—not because it presents any strikingly original views on the drama; but because it is a testimony to the unremitting zeal of a sound critic. Of course here is only a selection from Mr. Darlington's essays, but it is representative.

Some of the chapters in the book have that interest for me, and only another because I too saw the plays he refers to, and am helped to recreate my own impressions of them. For the criticism is not always of a character fundamental enough to give it an abiding value in the literature of the stage.

But this is by no means true of the bulk of the book. The essays of Shylock and Moscovitch and on "The Three Old Women" (done at the Little Theatre) are instances of criticism of particular performances which have a larger significance. And throughout there is manifested a lively liking for the stage, a power of keen analysis, and a nicely balanced judgment.

Yet it is those of Mr. Darlington's essays which are devoted to a general consideration of dramatic values that I like the best. He stands aloof from all the cults; he has a popular taste yet a delicate palate, and so his discussion of the problem of the fourth wall, of the meaning of form in drama, of the need for more sunshine in the modern stage-play, is quite unprejudiced. Peculiarly apposite are his remarks on form. The tendency nowadays is for a play to have moments of farce, of comedy, and of tragedy, and to be decorated with some monstrous hyphenated label, such as "farcical-comedy" or "comedy-drama"!

I am glad, too, to find so intelligent a critic attacking the "intellectual" drama. He thinks, as I do, that the Pass has been sold by the highbrows, so that nowadays the common man is convinced that intellectual drama must be dull.

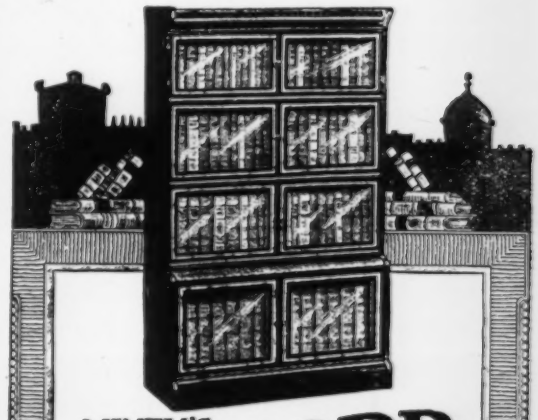
Here and there I note a tendency to attribute spiritual effects to mechanical causes. Modern drama is not what it is because of the invention of the formal frame. There is a connection, doubtless, between the phenomena. But I would rather say that the failure of the heroic impulse in English drama made the invention of the proscenium a necessity.

It is true that Mr. Darlington gives a spiritual reason for the death of the heroic drama, namely, that people are no longer interested in the lives of kings and queens, and that in the everyday life which the stage now mirrors you don't find the basis for heroic (or tragic) plays. Does Mr. Darlington really believe that if England were in the religious and æsthetic mood which created Shakespeare, an indifference to the lives of kings and queens (*pace* the picture papers!) would prevent the recreation of the heroic drama?

But I think it is true that you must stage great drama at one remove from the contemporary life of the common man.

I have said that Mr. Darlington is unprejudiced. And that is my one profound quarrel with him; his judgments are so confoundedly normal. A critic ought to love the stage; and he cannot love all types of stage-plays with an equal fervour. In fact prejudice in criticism is only another name for a point of view. But, since Mr. Darlington does love the stage, I conclude he has his prejudices, only he thinks it is bad form to let them loose.

* "Through the Fourth Wall." By J. A. Darlington. 12s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)



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